

THE UK'S HOTTEST WOMEN'S MAGAZINE

Scarlet

FOR GIRLS
WHO GET IT

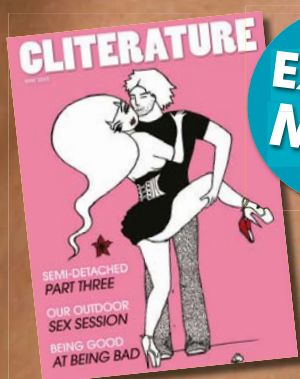
SAY NO MORE TO
CRAP SEX

MEN SHARE THEIR
SAUCY STORIES

HOW TO BE FRIENDS
WITH BENEFITS

SEX DIARIES

YOUR NEIGHBOURS' SECRETS



**EXTRA
MAG**

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HE WANTS RID OF YOU IN THE MORNING

After a night of passion, these surefire indicators mean one thing: make like Elvis and leave the building...

words: al needham



Checkout chaps do not have important Sunday morning meetings

1 You come back from the toilet to find him under the quilt, without even a trace of a big toe showing, with a CD of waterfall sounds playing at full blast.

2 He goes for a shower. An hour later, he's still in there. With your ear to the door, you can hear a head being banged against the tiles and a repetitive cascade of hysterical whining noises.

3 You wake up to find a stack of bus and rail timetables and taxi cards neatly fanned out on the bedside table.

4 He offers to take you out to breakfast. This seemingly positive sign means: "Look, I really want you to piss off, but I'm too nice to come out with it – so I'm gonna buy you some grub, pretend I've lost my appetite and then peg it out the door the second you've finished your Danish."

5 He says he's got a really, really, really important business meeting. Which is a bit strange, because it's Sunday morning and you met him when he was behind the till at Lidl.

6 He nips downstairs when suddenly his mobile rings. He runs back up into the bedroom, picks it up, grunts for a few seconds, pulls a grimace in your direction, grunts a few more times and rings off, telling you that he forgot he was on call all weekend – before nipping back downstairs to put the landline back on the hook.

7 He gets up, plants himself in front of the TV and watches *Football Focus*. Then *Sky Sports News*. Then a live Premiership game. Then his *100 Greatest Notts County Goals Ever*

DVD. Then *Sky Sports News* again. Then he finds an Icelandic Division 2 game on the internet. Are you still here?

8 He 'accidentally' calls you by another woman's name, and then sheepishly apologises while looking broken hearted at the memory of this mystery woman. The mystery is she doesn't actually exist.

9 He pops out for a loaf of bread. An hour later he still hasn't returned. Chances are he's gone for tea and toast at his girlfriend's.

10 You wake up to hear him having the noisiest dump ever – without hearing the pouring of a tap to wash his hands – then he comes into the bedroom with his dressing gown open, rubbing his grubby hands together and saying "Right then! Ready for Round Two?" 🍷

5 Things YOU can say to get rid of HIM...

1 "I'm going to have to pick my daughter up from my mum's."

2 [After pretending to read a text] "God, he's at the airport! He's a day early!"

3 "Do you like Gary Barlow? I've got all his DVDs. Shall we watch them?"

4 "Fancy going shopping?"

5 "You've had your shag. I've got your number. Now piss off."



fully ADED

Having a 'fuck buddy' is a loser's game, says **Al Needham**

Being single in my thirties and pickier than I have any right to be, I've worked out that the three things a woman can say that are guaranteed to put a man off are: "Before the operation I was called Dave"; "I live in a skip with a number painted on the side"; "I'm not seeing anyone, but I have a fuck buddy".

The last one, especially. As soon as I hear the words 'fuck' and 'buddy', my hackles rise, my feet start tapping erratically, and I start looking for the door. Maybe it's the name that gets on my wick; it sounds like something the makers of Barbie would come up with for the older teenage market, with detachable cocks and a pole-dancing playset. Sure, it's more zeitgeisty than 'bit on the side', but it means the same thing to any potential paramour: run, now.

On the surface, the concept of the fuck buddy sounds pretty decent; a continuous string of one-night stands with someone you know isn't going to murder you, at a house where you're aware of the local bus route. All very twenty-first century, but let's not con ourselves here. There's no such thing as a no-strings relationship.

At best, having a fuck buddy is just a shitty relationship masquerading as trendy sex. At worst, it's prostitution without money changing hands. Seriously, whenever I hear of a woman claiming fuck buddy status, I think to

myself she's either too fucked up to have a proper relationship, or she's got such low self-esteem, she's happy to shag some bloke she fancies once a week, who won't come over to hers because she lives on a rough estate and he's scared of getting his car scratched up. Or she's in love with her fuck buddy and is convinced that the next time she fills in for whoever he's nobbing at the moment, he'll finally realise she's the one. One thing I'm

definitely *not* thinking is, cor, I really want to have a relationship with this completely well adjusted and not at all messed-up woman.

I've got loads of friends who have fuck buddies, and from where I'm standing, none of them seem to be particularly chuffed about the situation. It's human nature that one party will always want more than the other, and it doesn't really matter if said party is male or female – before you know it you're either stuck with a bastard who won't commit, or being bombarded with obsessive text messages. And if you believe there really *is* such a thing as long-term casual sex, I'm the Nigerian Minister of Finance and I can make you incredibly wealthy if you email me your bank details.

The last thing I'm suggesting is that we all stop having sex until we find The One, but let's stop dressing up the art of being pissed about and call it like it is. 'Fuck buddy' is shorthand for 'she/he only wants a shag', and if I propositioned a woman for such an arrangement, I'd basically be saying: "Look, I really want to fuck you, I just don't want to talk to you, be seen with you, find out anything about you, listen to your problems, introduce you to my mates or have anything to do with you that doesn't involve shagging". And I think we all deserve better than that, don't you? 🍷

"At best, having a fuck buddy is just a shitty relationship masquerading as trendy sex. At worst, it's prostitution without money changing hands"



the **Crap Sex Converter™**



Great guy – shame about the sex? It's a total bummer when you meet a thoroughly decent chap who's wonderful in so many ways, but who also happens to be crap in the sack. Do you suffer in silence, sacrificing your sexual satisfaction, or do you dump him because he's a disappointment in bed? Nearly 35 percent of women do the latter, according to a poll by *Queendom.com*, but by far the more love-friendly option is to use *Scarlet's Crap Sex Converter™* and learn how these little problems can not only be remedied, but also turned to your advantage...

THE PROBLEM:

Cement Mixer Kisser

THE PRESCRIPTION: You lean in for the first kiss, full of expectation, and his tongue either rotates round your mouth faster than a washing machine spin cycle or pokes in and out with all the sensitivity

of Woody The Woodpecker. Not good – especially as in an average lifetime, we apparently spend two weeks snogging. The best way to re-educate Mr Cement Mixer is to lead by example. Lou Paget, author of *365 Days of Sensational Sex* (Hodder Mobius), advises a method that's enjoyable for you both while also protecting his pride. "Start by kissing your partner the way you love to be kissed. Stop mid-kiss and tell your lover how much you love kissing. Then say, 'Hey, will you show me what it feels like to be kissed by me?'" explains Lou. "Always follow the desired kiss with reinforcement like 'Oh, do more of that.'" Tracey Cox, author of *Supersex* (Dorling Kindersley), has another hot tip, "Let out a tiny groan of pleasure when he's doing it right – it not only encourages him to keep kissing that way, it also creates an erotic vibration."

THE PROBLEM: Man Handler

THE PRESCRIPTION: The way the Tit Crusher tugs and pulls our breasts

is criminal. If there was a Society for the Prevention Of Cruelty To Breasts, he'd be on the top 10 offenders list. As for the Clitoris Hammer, I was once forced to point out to a lover that assault and battery of the clitoris was the sensual equivalent of stamping on bollocks – fun for a minority, but excruciating for most. Jenny Hare, sex counsellor and author of *Orgasms and How to Have Them* (Fusion Press), has the solution. "Don't say 'Ouch, that's horrible!' as this will instantly crush his self-esteem. Instead, still his hand and say 'they're extremely sensitive – it feels great and can be orgasmic when you're really, really gentle.'" To smooth out his touch downstairs, try lubing his fingers up. We love Vielle Silky Lubricant (£3.29, Boots http://www.boots.com/en/Boots-Pharmaceuticals-Silky-Lubricant-75ml-_1129606/). Jenny also suggests showing him how you like to be touched in sensitive spots by demonstrating on the underside of his wrist, an area that is very sensitive but not erotic enough for him to lose his concentration. And if you don't mind distracting him, demonstrate directly on your erogenous zone. Warning: this will lead to an instant erection.

I WAS ONCE FORCED TO POINT OUT TO A LOVER THAT ASSAULT AND BATTERY OF THE CLITORIS WAS THE SENSUAL EQUIVALENT OF STAMPING ON BOLLOCKS – FUN FOR A MINORITY, BUT EXCRUCIATING FOR MOST

THE PROBLEM: Size Matters

THE PRESCRIPTION: Nearly a quarter of women would finish a relationship over the size of their partner's penis, according to a survey of 2,200 women conducted by Richard Herring for his book *Talking Cock* (Ebury Press). But as you're both responsible for the level of friction, it seems unfair that his little fella takes all the blame. One solution is to develop your PC muscles so that your vaginal grip is so tight, penetration by even the teeniest todger would feel pleasurable. Clench and release your PC muscles 10 times in rapid succession, then clench and hold for 10 seconds five times. Repeat three sets of this work-out twice a day and within a fortnight you'll begin to notice a difference, not only in how snug he feels but also in the power of your orgasms.

Another option – and you'd want to think very carefully before suggesting this – is the Cyberskin Transformer Penis Extension (£20.95, www.amazon.co.uk <<http://www.amazon.com/CyberSkin-1-5-Inch-Transformer-Extension-Natural/dp/B001A34HZU>>) which adds 1.5 inches to the length of a penis, as well as extra girth. The 'cyber skin' itself apparently feels so real, you won't be able to tell the difference.

Finally, Small Cock Compensation Theory purports that what he lacks in plunge power he makes up for with cunnilingus prowess. Lucky you!

THE PROBLEM: Trigger Happy

THE PRESCRIPTION: The sexual equivalent of 'all dressed up and nowhere to go', habitual premature ejaculation can be a real bore. Unfortunately, one third of men suffer

with it at some point, according to a survey by the American Medical Association, so odds are that if you walk away from one premature ejaculator, you've got a 50 percent chance of meeting another one. However it's highly curable.

If he's into alternative treatments, acupuncture could be the answer. According to traditional Chinese medicine, there's an 'energy gate' between the prostate and the base of the penis. "Premature ejaculation means that the hinges of the gate have become loose or weak and therefore cannot hold back the sperm," says acupuncturist Massih Yaghmaie. "The length of treatment can vary from a few sessions up to three to six months' of treatment."

If you simply can't wait that long, Donald Zimmer, the sexual health advisor for AskMen.com, says 80 to 90 percent of men are able to learn better control by exercising their PC muscles. Tell him to tighten the muscles around his anus and draw them up, then hold for as long as he can and repeat as many times as he can bear each day – around five minutes of daily clenches should produce results very quickly. In the meantime, ask him to wear a thick ribbed condom to reduce sensation for him and increase friction for you.



THE TOP 10 SEX SINS

To avoid being sexually sinned against cut out this essential guide and hand it to your man

- 1 Falling asleep while he's performing oral on you.
- 2 Or worse: throwing up while performing oral sex – this actually happened to a reader!
- 3 Not washing his grubby mitts prior to probing you with his fingers – ew!
- 4 Attempting extreme sex moves without discussing them first – we may not always be expecting a finger in the bottom.
- 5 Throwing a bukkake party (aka ejaculating over your face) without being invited.
- 6 Shouting out someone else's name during sex. An old one but still no less relevant.
- 7 Doing a stinky fart – particularly when you're giving him a blow-job, for obvious proximity reasons.
- 8 Unfavourably comparing your body with celebrities, porn stars and ex-girlfriends (even thinking it counts).
- 9 Pretending to 'slip' when not mature enough to come straight out and say 'I'd like to try anal sex'.
- 10 Talking dirty in the style of a low rent porno – no, this dirty bitch doesn't like it like that.

THE PROBLEM: Stamina King

THE PRESCRIPTION: Women who complain about men not lasting long enough have caused the common misconception that we want men to match the pace of the Duracell bunny. But without a vat of lube (or illegal narcotics) our delicate little clitorises don't actually appreciate the pounding. "One way to stop the onslaught is to get him to masturbate over you instead, or say that you're desperate to give him a blow-job," says Tania Glyde, former presenter of Midnight Sex Talk on Resonance FM.

Another technique used by escorts – the health of whose vaginas and bank balances depends on brevity – is to keep a note of any particular phrase or action that triggers your lover's orgasm. You may find that talking dirty or doing something extra naughty (like probing a finger inside his anus) equally intensifies pleasure for you, so go ahead – sometimes it's good to be bad.

THE PROBLEM: Lost Libido

THE PRESCRIPTION: It's hard not to take this one personally, but if you don't want his headache to become yours, you need him to get to the cause of his low desire. Is it stress, depression, a lousy diet, illness or seriously low levels of testosterone? A visit to the GP will help identify the problem. If a doctor can't identify a medical cause, they should be able to recommend a therapist to talk through psychological issues, or they may offer techniques to reduce stress levels. He could try disassociating himself from work by changing out of his work clothes the minute he gets home, and instead of reaching for a soothing glass of shiraz, lying down in a quiet room and concentrating on deep breathing for five minutes – it really does work. Also, improving general health can have an instant impact – go to the gym together instead of going to the pub and replace stodgy foods like white breads and pastas with green side orders such as broccoli or salad.

Ironically, another solution to not having sex is to not have sex. According to Andrew Marshall, sex therapist and author of *I Love You But I'm Not In Love With You* (Bloomsbury Publishing), taking penetration out of the sexual equation for an entire month can work wonders. "It's basic human nature that when we can't

AND YOU THOUGHT YOUR SEX LIFE WAS BAD...

Check out these unfortunate souls...

STICKING THE KNIFE IN

A woman visiting her boyfriend in Sweden was accused of stabbing him in the lung after an argument over disappointing sex. Police told *Norrlandska Socialdemokraten*, the local newspaper, that the couple agreed the dispute was over bad sex, but the woman claimed she stabbed her boyfriend in self-defence, whereas he maintained the fight was solely because of her disappointment with the evening's shag. Not often a man will admit to that.

SEX STARVED

Clearly feeling a bit peckish, the female praying mantis may bite her mate's head off post-sex. "She first bites off his front tarsus, and then consumes the tibia and femur. Next she gnaws out his eyes... it seems to be only by accident that a male ever escapes alive from the embraces of his partner," wrote Victorian scientist, Leland Ossian Howard. Thankfully female *homo sapiens* get by with a few rounds of toast.

HATE MAIL

Two German women complaining on email about their partners' poor sex drives found the details of their private lives broadcast to thousands after one of them hit the wrong

button, reported *Bild* newspaper. The emails described how the women had tried but failed to arouse their partners, and were first sent by accident to other colleagues in their office, and then forwarded to thousands across Germany. Oops.

TWICE THE BOTHER

The humble earwig has it both ways. The male of the *euborellia plebeja* species has two penises that are often longer than the insect's one-centimetre body. However, they're prone to breaking off, often during mating. Darn it.

SEXUALLY DRIVEN

The Sun revealed the rather unusual sexual fetish of a Mr Donald who thoroughly enjoys a good romp – with cars! He's also done the dirty with two boats and a jetski, allegedly, though details of how were not published (the mind boggles). "When I was a young boy I used to see human qualities in cars," he said. "As I grew up I noticed I was having feelings towards cars and they began catching my eye in a certain way." Mr Donald said his sexual fetish may have been triggered by formative childhood experiences watching *Knight Rider*. The Hoff does it again!

have something, it becomes a hundred times more desirable and the ban will immediately free him from feelings of guilt and pressure, neither of which are great libido boosters," he says. As the sex ban only applies to penetration, it will be a great excuse to get back to basics and indulge yourselves with so-called 'foreplay' that is just as delightful during *and* after penetrative sex.

THE PROBLEM: Libido Loco

THE PRESCRIPTION: I lived with a sex mad guy whose testosterone levels ought to have been monitored for medical research. He needed – as opposed to wanted – sex five times a day. On a few occasions, I lay there passively, mistakenly believing men become deranged if you refuse to aid ejaculation – my only contribution the plaintive cry, "pull my nightie down when you've finished." But there is another way. "You need to talk about this to avoid a negative spiral because the more a guy is rejected, the more he'll want it and the more you'll end up feeling he just wants you for sex," says Val Sampson, couples counsellor, www.valsampson.co.uk. "Start with a positive, like 'I love having sex with you', then point out that there is a slight difference between how often you want sex. Explain why you don't want it now. It's absolutely fine to turn down sex, but always give him an alternative time as a straight 'no' is bewildering. Also, men sometimes want sex in order to feel close to you, so instead of seeing it as

IRONICALLY, A SOLUTION TO NOT HAVING SEX IS TO NOT HAVE SEX – IT'S BASIC HUMAN NATURE THAT WHEN WE CAN'T HAVE SOMETHING, IT BECOMES A HUNDRED TIMES MORE DESIRABLE

him pestering you for sex, you could re-frame it mentally as your man's desire for intimacy." Bless.

THE PROBLEM: Toy Envy

THE PRESCRIPTION: A third of men aren't keen on their partners using vibrators, but Scarlet's chief toy tester Scarlet correspondent, Emily Dubberley has three rules to convert a spoilsport. "Buy a toy that's much smaller than he is. Show him the benefits by using it on him too; rub it over his perineum or against your cheek during oral sex. Finally, point out that a vibrator can't give you a massage, a hug or oral sex." sextoys.co.uk sells a range of vibrating penis rings, such as the *Spartacus Vibrating Leather Cock Ring* (£16.95) and *Screaming O BongO Vibrating Ring* (£13.95).

You can also buy him a plaything of his own – one that has added thrills for you. Julia Gash, of sex emporium]

hands-free, vibrating cock rings, so he gets the vibrations, the ring helps extend his erection, and if you jump on top, it can stimulate your clitoris too."

THE PROBLEM: Oral Aversion

THE PRESCRIPTION: There is a difference between aversion and downright refusal (a sacking offence in my book), although oral sex performed unwillingly is almost better not performed at all. You could find out what makes him hesitate to go down south. Perhaps you're not as comfortable with a man's face nestling in your vagina as you'd like to think and he's picked up on anxiety vibes and stayed away. If you are shy, wear silk knickers. Being licked through wet silk feels fantastic and when he eventually pulls them to one side and his tongue hits your flesh, your shyness will miraculously evaporate.

Another issue in oral is smell. In a Queendom.com survey, over a quarter of men said the smell of a woman's genitals makes all the difference in their decision to dine at the Lazy Y. If you feel self-conscious about your own scent or flavour, try Flower Balm Orgasm Booster (£9.99, www.sextoys.co.uk). This natural balm has a mandarin and mint aroma that tingles sensually when applied and is also totally edible. If your man prefers the taste of honey, apply a dab of the delicious Ruby Sunrise Kleitoris Climax Cream (£15, www.coco-de-mer.co.uk).

An equally common cause of oral aversion is hair – and before you get on the pubes-are-natural soapbox, we know they are, but that doesn't mean we feel comfortable when a stray hair is floating around inside our mouths. When my friend Katie asked her man why he never returned her oral sex favours, he admitted he didn't like pubic hair. The next time she saw him, the area was hair-free and he lapped away happily.

THE PROBLEM: Anal Aversion

THE PRESCRIPTION: While anal sex is the Holy Grail for some men, 10 percent of men find the very idea of penetrating their partner's anus with even just a finger "disgusting", according to Queendom.com. If you enjoy having your botty banged and you end up with an anal averter, Emily has some advice. "See if he'll compromise by using a toy on you. If he's fine with that try to up the ante by investing in some latex gloves – if he's got a barrier



OVER A QUARTER OF MEN SAID THE SMELL OF A WOMAN'S GENITALS MAKES ALL THE DIFFERENCE IN THEIR DECISION TO DINE AT THE LAZY Y

in the way, he might be up for some anal fingering, and a dental dam (a square of latex) can be used for rimming without actually making contact." If he refuses to play ball, slip a vibrating butt plug in your posterior yourself prior to penetration and sell the idea to him by assuring him the vibrations will travel through your internal walls and tickle his member. That way you'll both be laughing. 🍌

WHEN BAD SEX HAPPENS TO GOOD PEOPLE

We asked three Scarlet readers to share their worst sex moments

"I have a prominent mole on my left breast about two centimetres from my nipple. During a drunken one-night stand, just after I'd gotten into bed with a guy, he followed up a snog by heading beneath the covers to attend to my chest, but instead of sucking my nipple, he started tonguing my mole. I didn't have the heart to tell him his mistake, and I've since had the mole removed." **Debra, Leeds**

"I was in summer camp in Nice when I was 16 and met this hot Hawaiian guy who told me he was 18. One night we decided to have sex. It was horrendous, I couldn't come, no matter what we tried and in the end he confessed he was 14 and the only sex he'd ever had was in the butt with his homosexual neighbour in Kentucky, where he lived." **Elena, London**

"An ex-boyfriend of mine liked all things chemical, and once took 20 Tramadol, which is apparently a really strong opiate that can give men erections for hours in the same way Viagra can. It also blocks your pain receptors and made him really horny, too. We ended up having sex for eight hours, which was tremendous fun for him, being high and horny and all, but for me it just got painful and when the Tramadol wore off and he stopped we realised the skin on his dick was peeling, and I couldn't sit or walk properly for two days!" **Lorna, London**

HOW ART CAN GIVE YOU THE WILLIES

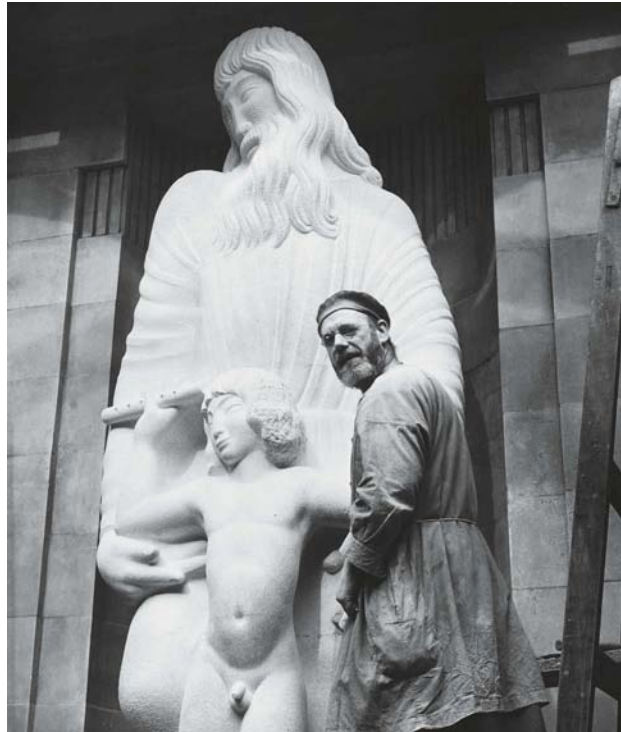
Arthur Chappell explains why it's so hard to find a good cock shot in women's mags, and reveals how art galleries can provide alternative viewing

Well, the answer's simple, legally, any realistic image of erect male genitalia is classed as hardcore pornography, and that's banned by many platforms. However, there are still ways to get your fill of glorious penis pics. If you're not a hardcore porn fancier, and are short of male friends willing to whop their knobs out for your camera, there is a third option: become an art fan.

Big cock equals total prick

Throughout the ages, the male nude has appeared in many different forms, from Michelangelo's *David* to the modern-day work of openly homosexual artists. And bearing in mind the male obsession with cock size, you might assume that most artists would depict their subjects with large, powerful, erect penises to show how manly they were. But in fact, in pre-20th Century art, the size of the penis tends to depict not literal size or potency, but the extent to which the subject thinks of sex or wants to indulge in the activity. Depictions of philosophers or leading religious figures, for example, would feature relatively small, non-erect penises, while promiscuous devils and satyrs would get large genitalia to symbolise their lustful and passionate natures. The large penis implied unhealthy and evil sexual appetites, and men portrayed with large members were most likely regarded as men of low virtue

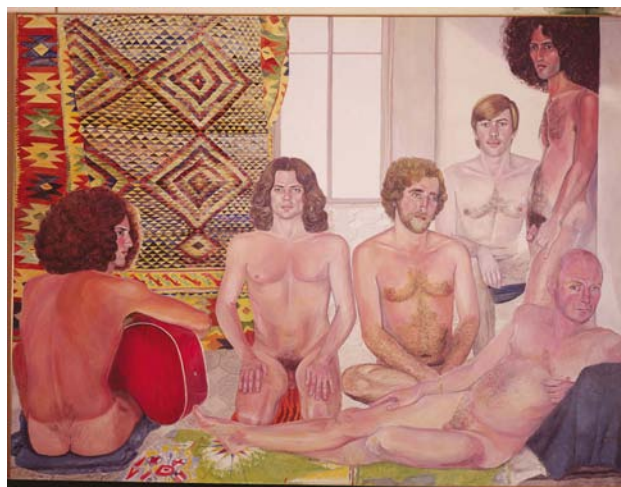




by the artist and by the commissioner of the work. In short, it would have been regarded as a terrible insult.

The most famous male nude study remains the marble statue of David (Accademia Gallery, Florence, Italy, with a full-size plaster cast in London's Victoria and Albert museum) by Michelangelo (1475-1564), which shows David planning to fight Goliath and is notorious for its fully exposed penis. It also has a modest and anatomically realistic display of pubic hair, the only nude male by Michelangelo that does. When it first appeared, the statue was often attacked and vandalised by offended puritanical critics, and censors added a fig leaf for many years. Fortunately, restoration work has returned the statue to its original glory. It is huge at 17 feet, but David's member is flaccid and unspectacular, bearing in

onwards, but the subject is still controversial. Even today, many artists never depict naked men for fear of being thought of as gay. John Singer Sargent (1856-1925), who did paint many male nudes, was forced to strenuously deny being homosexual all his life, although it is now thought he probably was. His oil on canvas painting *The Sensualist* (Museum Of Fine Art, Boston, USA) shows a naked man sitting back, relaxed, with his hands behind him and no attempt at modesty before the



“The large penis implied unhealthy and evil sexual appetites, and men portrayed in this way were most likely regarded as men of low virtue”

mind the proportions (although the eye does give you a strange feeling that it's watching you...).

The rise of cock art

A relaxation of censorship laws and a greater understanding of homosexuality gave male nudes more artistic acceptance from the 20th Century

gaze of the viewer. His wang hangs free, shaded by a rich pubic thatch, as he sits with legs spread at an awkward angle, drawing the eye in the direction of his cock. He seems to be inviting the voyeuristic observer closer.

More openly homosexual was Duncan Grant (1885-1978), a Scottish-born artist who lived in a very open

Opposite page: Duncan Grant's *Standing Male Nude*. Clockwise from top left: Michelangelo's *David*; Eric Gill's *The East Wind*; Sylvia Sleigh's *Imperial Nude*; Paul Rosano; Gilbert and George's *In The Piss*

marriage with fellow artist Vanessa Bell. Grant's 1935 oil on canvas *Standing Male Nude – A Study Of Tony Asserati* is his most overtly sexual work (on display at Charleston, home of the Bloomsbury Group, in East Sussex). It shows a very athletic man with a lowered towel, following a shower or a swim. His wet skin still glistens. His cock draws your attention, but there is a moodiness about him. He is both inviting attention and threatening to flick you with that towel if you get within range.

Artistic lifestyles

One of Britain's most controversial artists was Eric Gill (1882-1940), a sculptor and designer who worked on many London churches, did the lettering for Oscar Wilde's tomb and designed the Gill Sans typeface. His Catholicism was always in conflict with his erotic art, and after his death his diaries revealed that he had committed incest and paedophilia and had even had sex with a dog. Despite such a sordid history, his work is more accessible than most. His Bath stone relief sculpture *The East Wind* is in the entranceway to St James's Park tube station in London. A reclining naked god looks down benevolently on the travellers passing by, entirely unselfconscious about his

displayed genitalia.

Unlike Gill, Keith Vaughan (1912-1977), was an English artist who was deeply troubled by his homosexuality. He committed suicide in the end, but left many paintings and drawings of distinction. His pen and ink drawing *Wrestlers* (sold to a private collector) shows two men fighting/embracing in a mock-violent game, with the penis of the winning figure close to penetrating the man in front of him.

Courting controversy

By the latter half of the 20th Century, artists were deliberately courting controversy with the use of the male nude, and few artists relish outrage as much as Gilbert (b.1943) and George (b.1942). The provocatively entitled *In The Piss* (National Portrait Gallery, London) depicts the artists themselves – on a rubbish tip – frightened, huddled and naked, their expressions suggesting that maybe they have gone too far this time. Their naked exposure highlights the risk and vulnerability of their activity – both artistic, and as men embarrassed to be discovered having an affair. As Gilbert himself said in 1997, "There is such a big prejudice against... nakedness and two men."

Derek Boshier (b.1937), a British artist living in the USA, really puts himself in


the firing line with his work that directly challenges racist and homophobic attitudes. His oil painting *Shy Cowboy* (Tate Galleries) depicts the stereotypical macho cowboy trying to be coy and modest when his vulnerable nudity is discovered. Companion and contrasting work *Naked Cowboy* (Tate Galleries) shows a similar figure in shameless, inviting exhibitionism, pretending his hands are guns, but with his real firepower freely hanging between his legs.

Ladies who love cock

Surprisingly few women artists have chosen the full frontal male nude as their subject, though there are a few notable exceptions. Elisabeth Frink (1930-1993) took on mythical and religious subject matter, giving her work 'artistic' justification by using it to re-tell established stories. *Nausicaa* (Tate Collection) shows girls trying to get a primal-looking naked man to help them recover a ball that has fallen into a river. The man, painted in the same dark colouring as the ground the women stand on, has his rising member facing away from them, but his stirring passion is very apparent to the observers.

Sylvia Sleigh (b.1916) is an important feminist artist who depicts naked men in poses traditionally associated with female models, such as reclining on soft furnishings, as in her oil painting *Imperial Nude: Paul Rosano* (I-20 Gallery, New York). She paints her male subjects in poses familiar to us from many a Renoir or Picasso. The effect is to question how we traditionally view both the male and female nude form in art. In other words, women as soft and relaxed, men as hard and active... the penis though, remains a stark reminder of what the male is capable of.

Gallery voyeurism

If you get to any art galleries, it's fun to stand and watch people's reactions to well-endowed male nudes – the giggles, the photos, the sneaky touches, the awed admiration, the mental comparisons, and so on. Male nudes, and, more specifically, life-sized statues with realistic genitalia, will often attract people who will touch and sometimes even attempt to make love to them. Some statues have had their genitalia smashed off by people wanting realistic, if rather cold, cock substitutes. If you don't believe me see StatueMolesters.com. 

STILL NOT SATISFIED? Google these goolies...

• **Male Nude #NM 178 by Paul Cadmus** – a coy flash of willy through a posing man's legs
museumsyndicate.com/item.php?item=14515



• **Turkish Bath With Self Portrait by Charles Demuth** (private collection)
– three blokes getting steamy in a sauna
[wikipedia.org/wiki/Image: thishttp:// commons. wikimedia.org/ wiki/File:Demuth_ Charles_Turkish_ Bath_with_Self_ Portrait_1918.jpg](http://wikipedia.org/wiki/Image:thishttp://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Demuth_Charles_Turkish_Bath_with_Self_Portrait_1918.jpg)



• **Seated Male Nude by Henry Moore** (Henry Moore Foundation) – a real show-er dangling between these thighs
www.henry-moore.org/pg/exhibitions/archive/2006/moore-unseen



• **Penis Landscape by HR Giger**
Punk band The Dead Kennedys used this painting, by the creator of the monsters in the *Alien* films – as a poster included with the album *Frankenchrist*, after they chickened out of using it as the album cover
<http://alwaysavoidalliteration.blogspot.co.uk/2012/06/obscenity-case-over-penis-landscape.html>



Cunning stunts

THIS MONTH,
EMILY RUNS OFF
AND JOINS THE
CIRCUS...

I'm standing at the top of a 20-foot ladder, shaking. I don't feel scared but my body is telling me that, regardless of what I might think, I don't want to be here. Two minutes later, I'm balancing on a tiny platform between a lithe circus performer and a muscle man, clutching onto a trapeze. Below me, a woman shouts instructions. "On the count of three, I want you to step forward. One, two, three..."

AS EASY AS RIDING A BIKE...

Running away to join the circus is the ultimate childhood fantasy: the nomadic life and glittery costumes, holding an audience rapt with your skills then sitting round a campfire after the performance. So when The Circus Space offered me a place on their beginner's course I had to say yes.

I roll up at 10.30 on a Saturday morning, having followed their instructions to stay sober the night before. Apparently it's dangerous to have a hangover while attempting body-defying stunts. Who'd have thought it? Over the next four hours, I'm to learn flying trapeze acts, juggling and acrobatics. Given that my sense of balance is so bad that I can't even ride a bike, I'm not overly confident. But when Emily-at-Large calls, I come running (or at least ambling). So I change into my gym gear, wander through to the main hall and try to ignore flashbacks to school games lessons.

My classmates range in age from early twenties to fifties, including a couple on a date and a woman celebrating her 40th birthday. Although they're of all shapes and sizes, it doesn't take me long to realise that appearances are deceptive, and they're all fitter than me. The 15-minute warm-up – running around, wiggling our arms, shaking our legs and feeling like a fool – has me out of breath and cursing my sedentary lifestyle, but I know the real challenges are yet to come.

ON A HIGH

Flying trapeze is the activity I'm most excited about. Ever since seeing Sarah Jessica Parker try it in *Sex and the City* I've been curious. I'm not scared of heights and surely everyone has a yearning to fly? When the instructor Vreni asks who wants to go first, I stick my hand up. She beckons me over to the ladder and up I climb.

I inch across the platform, hold onto the trapeze and suddenly feel calm. This



is going to be fun. On the count of three I let go and soar through the air, whooping with excitement.

The instructor calls to me mid-air and tells me to swing my legs backwards and forwards to get momentum. I'm flying. But after five or six swings, I notice I'm supporting my entire body weight with my wrists, my back and stomach muscles are straining and I panic that I might drop so shout that I'm getting tired. The instructor counts me down, I land on my feet (result!) and she unclips the harness. I feel incredible. At least until she says, "The next time you go up you need to..." the remainder of her sentence is drowned out by my brain screaming, 'Next time? No way!' I step off the crash mat, sit down and realise my entire body is shaking again. My back twinges. I tell the instructor and am relieved to be told "you'd better not go up again if you're hurting".

WHEN I MOVE
TO THE TRAPEZE,
THE BUZZ RAPIDLY
DISSOLVES AS
MY INELEGANT
DISMOUNT
REVEALS MY
THONGED
BOTTOM TO
THE ROOM

A LOAD OF BALLS

I'm relieved to move onto something less intense. Juggling instructor Sam throws us all a ball and tells us to toss it from one hand to another. I stand there playing catch with myself. He then tells us to clutch the ball in one hand, bounce it onto our bicep and catch it. My ball scuttles across the hall. Everyone else manages it within five minutes. I don't. He then throws us another ball and tells us to pass the balls from one hand to the other, juggling-style. Yay! Another bit I can do. Then he tells us to throw one ball under a leg while the other's in the air. My second ball flies across the hall. My neck aches from constantly looking up at my balls in the vain hope I might catch them, I'm frustrated with myself for having no hand-to-eye co-ordination and feel tearful. Sam leads us patiently through various different throws and soon, everyone has mastered three-ball juggling except me and a forty-something bloke. We pair up and play catch, so that we can feel part of the group even though we suck.

RUNNING AWAY FROM THE CIRCUS

The juggling lesson ends and I go outside for a fag. I've never been more tempted to run away from an Emily-at-Large experience in my life. The instructors are lovely but I hate my ineptitude. It's only after several big breaths that I psyche myself up enough to return.


I'm glad that I do. The second half of the session comprises acrobatics and static trapeze. I start with acrobatics and we're led through various easy balancing exercises: holding hands

with someone else then both leaning back, and sitting in a circle with our backs to each other then leaning against each other to stand. I can do it. The lesson culminates with us getting into a pyramid and I manage to stand on top (which sounds more impressive than it was – there was only one tier below me). Nonetheless...

UP THE GLITTER

Of course, glamour is an essential part of circus life, so at the end of the session I change into a glittery number and my classmates and I agree to demonstrate our newfound skills with me being supported at the top of another (single-layer) pyramid.

I feel like a star, posing for a photo with my widest fake 'please don't let me lose balance and fall arse over tit' smile. I can see the thrill of being a performer: applause, adrenaline, sexy costumes... And then when I move to the trapeze, the buzz rapidly dissolves as my inelegant dismount reveals my thonged bottom to the room.

Despite my hopelessness, I came away from the course with a sense of achievement having pushed my body to its limits. Circus training is a great way to get in shape, the adrenaline rush is a turn on and, who knows, maybe I could put my trapeze skills to good use in the bedroom where flashing my G-string would be more appropriate. 

The National Centre for Circus Arts is a registered charity and one of Europe's leading providers of circus education. Visit www.nationalcircus.org.uk or call 020 7613 4141.



THE SEX DIARIES

Ever wondered what your neighbours are really getting up to between the sheets? Scarlet decided to find out

interviews by: claire jackson

We're all secretly curious about other people's sex lives; we want to know if we're doing it as often and as well as the Joneses and whether other women encounter the same problems we do. So *Scarlet* put its nose into other people's sex business and found out exactly what's going on between our neighbours' sheets. We talked to a woman trying to conceive, a sexually active single, a kinky chick, and a long-term lover who's worried she isn't kinky enough, and we discovered, when it comes to sex, there's no such thing as 'normal'.

THE BABY MAKERS

***Kate, 26, has been married to Dominic, 30, for three years. They are currently trying for a baby, and so their sex quota has risen from three times a week to a generous once a day minimum during ovulation, and five times per week during the remainder of her cycle. Kate fills us in on how trying for a baby has affected her sex life.**

MONDAY

Today I welcome a break from our habitual shagging with open arms. It's all become too much of an effort since we started trying for a baby a few months ago.

TUESDAY

The baby-making books I've bought tell me there's a chance of getting pregnant at any time. Today is highlighted in green on my ovulation calendar, showing the chances of conceiving are low – but needs must. So, when we arrive home from work we head straight upstairs. I get on all fours; it's always me who initiates it, which makes me worry a little, but Dom is hard already so no foreplay necessary. It's over before I can say "Wham bam, make me a mam!"

WEDNESDAY

Tonight I'm exhausted after a tough day in the office, but I heard the Nike advert ringing in my head: Just Do It!



I'M WORRIED DOMINIC'S BORED OF OUR FIVE-MINUTE ROUTINE, SO I SUCK HIS DICK GENTLY WHILE HE UNDRESSES

I'm worried Dominic's bored of our five-minute routine, so I suck his dick gently while he undresses. He then takes me from behind (supposedly woman-on-top positions challenge gravity, making the sperm's job harder than it already seems to be).

THURSDAY

Bingo – I'm highly fertile! As much as I'd love a stonking great orgasm, I know

we have to do it as many times as we can handle tonight. We only really have a five-day window each month, so it's essential we take full advantage. Him on top always leads to oral for me (and great tit massages), but I can't afford to come yet so doggy-style it is. I lie in bed afterwards with my legs in the air to help the sperm go where it's supposed to – which apparently isn't a myth – and then we do it twice more before falling asleep exhausted.

FRIDAY

No work tomorrow so we have more time to dedicate to the cause. I have zilch social life thanks to my hectic sex life (who'd have thought I'd ever have such a complaint?). I want a baby more than anything in the world, but I never thought it would be this much of an effort shagging my own husband. After a romantic bath together, we enjoy proper foreplay for the first time this week, and really connect during sex, which I love as we usually don't even make eye contact. One of his bad boys must have made it safely tonight, surely?

SATURDAY

Today: sex followed by yoga class in the morning, followed by a lunchtime shag after Dom's rugby practice, followed by walking the dogs, followed by a quickie

on the sofa when we get home, followed by a curry, followed by a bonk in bed, followed by *Casualty*, followed by a final fuck before heading to the land of nod. Five times in one day! Not quite our record but not far off, and a good day's work even if I do say so myself.

SUNDAY

I'm struggling to even walk, so I just wank Dominic off and he enters me when he's about to come. I read the Sunday papers with my legs stuck in the air for most of the afternoon – thank God for the yoga practice. With only 24 hours left of my fertility peak we end up having some more nookie later, on the sofa with a little dirty talk and breast play to warm me up! It reminds me of when we first met and sex was just for fun.

THE KINKY COUPLE

Amber and Travis, both 25, have been together since they were 20 and have lived together for two years. They're working hard to ensure bedroom boredom doesn't dint their ardour. Amber lets us know how they keep sex fresh in the long-term.

MONDAY

We both took a day off for some 'quality time' together – in other words, a day of pure unadulterated sextivities!

BY MIDDAY WE'D ALREADY WORKED OUR WAY THROUGH MY TOY COLLECTION – I WAS TIED TO THE BED FOR MOST OF IT

I fancied re-enacting the first time we met (some one-night stand that was), but he had other ideas. By midday we'd already worked our way through my toy collection, and I was tied to the bed for most of it. Finally we had some role-play where I fantasised I was being raped by a stranger. People may think this is weird, but it's just a stage I'm going through, and it has nothing to do with wanting to be assaulted in real life. Plus, it made me have the most amazing orgasm so it can't be that bad. The rest of the day was spent in a makeshift campsite in our living room playing with each other. These are the best times.

TUESDAY

Back to work. Thanks to an inbox bigger than Royal Mail's complaints department, I didn't get home until after 11pm, by which time my beau was sound asleep.

WEDNESDAY

I was woken bright and early by a very hard cock rubbing against my rear end. I could have said 'down boy' and made it to work on time, but the alternative was more appealing – sorry boss.

THURSDAY

Tonight was lady's night, and there's nothing like a bit of girly sex talk to get me in the mood. When I got home, me

and T watched some lesbian porn with our favourite star in it, Bella Donna. She can always be relied on to get us going. We fucked sitting down, doggy style, reverse cowgirl... All the while watching Bella take a girl in the ass with a dildo.

FRIDAY

Tonight I banned hands, for no particular reason other than I just fancied it. Bless T, he doesn't particularly love oral (giving or receiving, strangely) but relationships are all about compromise... and though he may not like it he's so good at it. I came in his face and had a sudden urge to taste myself. It was sweet but musty at the same time – I must've eaten something strange. Of course I returned the favour, but he soon urged my hands to take over from my mouth. I then offered him a tit wank and he gladly accepted. Big boobs do have their uses.

SATURDAY

The morning was busy with necessities like grocery shopping, banking and a gym workout, but tonight was special: I went to a dominatrix club night with my gay best friend and enjoyed a little light spanking at the hands (and crops) of some fellow club goers. T went off for a poker night with the boys. I rolled home at 4am. Horny is an understatement; I practically raped the poor guy and we stayed up until dawn fucking every which way. My favourite was on the menu, too – anal play. Heaven!

SUNDAY

Sunday was a day of rest... with a hangover from hell. Most of the day was spent in bed... only this time we were sleeping.

THE VANILLA PAIR

Childhood sweethearts Kirsty and Alex, both 30, have been engaged for nearly a year. The couple started dating over a decade ago, and have sex most Sunday mornings, but rarely at any other time. Kirsty explains why sex isn't the be-all and end-all of their relationship.

MONDAY

When life wasn't so hectic we used to banish Monday morning blues with a quick

shag before work. Now Alex gives me a loving kiss on the nose as I butter my toast before he heads to work for an early start.

TUESDAY

I phone Alex twice today just to hear his voice. The great thing is he still manages to give me butterflies ten years on, but when I hear about my single friends' weekend sexploits at lunch, I can't help but feel a twang of envy. Of course, they tell me they'd swap their bed-hopping benders to be in a loving relationship without a second thought, but I wonder if they'd say that if they knew I have just one orgasm a week – if I'm lucky.

I LIE AWAKE WONDERING IF HE'S LOOKING AT PORN AND HAVING A SECRET WANK

WEDNESDAY

I wake up wet after having a dream about fucking a guy from work. I've had a crush on this bloke since starting my job but I don't have the desire to take it any further. I couldn't throw away ten years with someone for an affair with a commitment-phobe. Shagging him in la-la land is as close as I want to get to the real deal.

THURSDAY

A row means I'm in bed, alone, by 9pm while Alex sits at the computer. I lie awake wondering if he's looking at porn and having a secret wank. I banish the thought by sliding my finger over my clit, imagining the women he might be looking at in the next room.

FRIDAY

Take-away, DVD and a snuggle – our usual Friday night ritual. I wouldn't have it any other way though.

SATURDAY

Romance is in the air today as Alex treats me to a leisurely drive and lunch in our favourite country pub. We have such an amazing day, laughing and chatting, I'm reminded of why I fell in love with this guy. He spoils me rotten, and in return gets an impromptu hand-job while watching TV in the evening.

SUNDAY

Sunday is our 'lovin' day'. After fifteen minutes or so of foreplay, he climbs on top for missionary, and I have to say it still feels amazing. He loves to suck my nipples, and I gladly oblige as I feel myself getting close to coming. We climax together locked in a sweaty embrace. It may not happen often, but when it does, it's the best I've ever had.

YOUNG, FREE AND SINGLE

Rosie, 22, has been single since splitting up with her long-term lover six months ago. She masturbates most days, and enjoys having the occasional man between her legs.

MONDAY

Lying in bed I reminisce about last night and have a leisurely wank. After some tonsil tennis outside my local club I gave my number to a handsome guy called Stuart (I think). Fingers crossed he'll call.

TUESDAY

Decide I deserve a good pampering tonight – you never know when you're going to meet someone who'll appreciate it, and it's one of the things I never had enough time for when I was in a relationship, so I make the most of it now.

WEDNESDAY

Stuart still hasn't called, so he probably isn't going to. Plenty more fish in the sea...

THURSDAY

I wake up to this text: 'Hey, it's Steve,' (I knew it began with an 'S'!), 'fancy meeting up tomorrow night?' After a few hours grace, I reply: 'Your place or mine?'

FRIDAY

Steve came over to mine. After small talk over a glass of wine, we practically

AS THE LIGHTS CAME ON AT 2AM, I GAVE HIM A SNOG – PARTIALLY OUT OF PITY, BUT MAINLY TO MAKE MYSELF FEEL BETTER

rip each other's clothes off. His body doesn't disappoint, and neither does his cock – he's so well endowed I don't

think he'll fit inside me at first! Using lube (and protection of course), I soon break through the pain barrier, and start to really enjoy myself and manage to come soon after he does. He leaves afterwards and I can't help but feel a little used. *Ben and Jerrys* to the rescue.

SATURDAY

Tonight I manage to get a selection of phone numbers with minimal effort, though I do have to spend half an hour with one guy at the bar as he pours his heart out about how much he misses his ex, especially on a Saturday night. Join the club, mate. As the lights come on at 2am, I give him a snog – partially out of pity, but mainly to make myself feel better.

SUNDAY

Steve texts me asking if I fancy a repeat performance of the other night. I don't have any other offers, so I invite him over for a 'drink'. I'm only human after all. 🍷

HOW DOES YOUR SEX LIFE COMPARE?

Scarlet pitted the world's two biggest sex surveys against each other to see how reliable the results are – it turns out that they're convincingly similar...

QUESTION	DUREX GLOBAL SEX SURVEY	QUEENDOM.COM
Most common age to lose virginity	16	16
Biggest worry about sex	Pregnancy 34%	Pregnancy 19%
Percentage of people who have had anal sex	40%	55%
Percentage who have had a threesome	17%	23%
Percentage who have had sex on an airplane	3%	4%
Percentage who have sex three to four times a week	20%	22%
Percentage who have had five sexual partners or more	53%	53%
Percentage who own a cock ring	9%	21%
Percentage who own a vibrator	24%	56%

a brief history of... DANDIES

Men may accuse us of spending ages in the bathroom, but a glance to the past proves they started it

words: nicky falkof

Dude, fop, gallant, sheikh, beau, swell... no, it's not a set of quirky names for his package. They're terms used throughout history to describe the dandy – the stylish male who takes as much care over his appearance as any woman – and he's making a come-back, so lock up your daughters (or your bathroom doors).

RACY ROMANS

In later life he sparked a civil war, invaded Britain and created an empire, but the first hint of things to come from the young Julius Caesar was his outfit. Spurning the usual attire for young men of his social status (a preppy short-sleeved robe with purple stripe), he went instead for a snazzy long-sleeved fringed number with a big belt slung low on his hips. The emperor at the time warned fellow aristocrats to keep an eye on this "loosely-girded boy" who was so obviously out to make an impression.



EAST OF EDEN

Meanwhile, Japan's Samurai warriors may sound terrifying, but it turns out they were sensitive souls at heart. When they weren't engaged in bloodthirsty killing or laying down their lives for their masters, traditional pastimes included mooning over the cherry blossoms, writing exquisite poetry and doing their hair. Yip, hairstyles were considered so important that many ancient samurai texts and codes contain detailed explanations of how to grease the hair and fold the many different varieties of topknot. And like their geisha sisters, Samurai wore kimonos as their basic item of clothing, usually made from the very finest silk. Like we said, sensitive.

FRENCH FOPS

When Louis XIV, the Sun King, ascended the French throne in May 1643, his court was known for its glamour and excess, and the men's



outfits generally topped the women's. They wore ribbons on their high-heeled shoes, at their knees, and on their vests and coats, while no fashionable noble would be caught dead without a periwig, made of human hair and consisting of masses of curls hanging below the shoulders. The competition to keep up was fierce, and many a noble found himself in financial trouble from over-accessorising (we so know that feeling!); the Duke of Conde even ended up owing his canny king 300,000 francs. Now that's a lot of ribbons.

Also popular in the court of the young Louis were petticoat breeches – full skirts worn over baggy breeches. Fashionable gentlemen of the time wore these so low and loose on the hips that it looked like they might lose their trousers at any moment; and those hip hop boys think they're so original.



Images from left to right: Caesar, a Samurai, Louis XIV, Charles I, Beau Brummel, Marilyn Manson

THEY WEAR IT WELL

Scarlet elects this generation's hottest dandies – long may they reign supremely fabulous

DAVID BECKHAM Say what you like about Mr B, but by kickstarting the metrosexual trend he's spurred sales of male skincare ranges – we owe him gratitude for minimising our stubble rash, at least.

RUSSELL BRAND Love or hate the swine, he got a lot of boys back into skinny jeans. Of course they're as unflattering on men as they are on women – but dahlings, in fashion, that simply isn't the point.

P DIDDY This little strumpet wears Creed Vetiver Cologne at £175 a bottle, has his own clothing range and wore £5.1 million worth of bling to the 2004 MTV Awards – and we thought Liz Taylor had a problem.

DASHING, NOT CLASHING

King Charles I had his head lopped off in 1649 during the English Civil War, but at least he went safe in the knowledge that his supporters were far more fabulous than the enemy. Charles' cavaliers cultivated an aura of studied negligence, while paying fearsome attention to their clothing (think Russell Brand with muscles). Long, flowing locks were cherished, along with perfectly styled moustaches, wide-brimmed floppy hats turned rakishly up at the sides and silk stockings, protected with boot hose



IT TURNED OUT THAT NOT HAVING TO WORRY ABOUT GETTING YOUR LACE RUFFLES BLOODSTAINED WAS A REAL PLUS ON THE BATTLE FIELD

made of sheer white linen with frills at the top. The dandyism of Charles and his crew was seen as proof of the aristocracy's dangerous decadence by the roundheads, who preferred no-frills masculinity and puritan ways. And it turned out that not having to worry about getting your lace ruffles bloodstained was a real plus on the battlefield.

FASHION JUNKIES


The Regency and Victorian periods saw the dandy subculture really spring to life, starting from the perfectly styled and scented head of the legendary Beau Brummell, a fashion icon and all-around celebrity, revered for being gorgeous, stylish, rich, lazy, decadent, sophisticated and useless. Soon dandies were everywhere, abandoning the wigs, powder and frippery of previous generations and parading around perfectly groomed and shaved in tight trousers and exquisitely tailored suits. The French poet Baudelaire, himself something of a peacock, wrote admiringly of their dedication to aesthetic pursuits, "These beings have no other status but that of cultivating the idea of beauty in their own persons." Oscar Wilde, one of the best-dressed men of the 20th century, was a direct descendant of this



glorious tradition.

In fact Beau Brummell, with his obsession with tailoring and neckties, more or less invented the modern suit and tie look that we now know so well. He went far further than that, though, claiming to spend five hours a day getting dressed and recommending that boots be polished with champagne. A profligate gambler, he had to flee England when his debts became unmanageable, and eventually died in an asylum in France of a nasty case of syphilis.

20TH CENTURY BOYS

So when boys started growing their hair long in the 60s and (apparently) threatening the very fabric of society, they were only following a long and lovely tradition. Same goes for punks in the 70s, Goths in the 80s, Kurt Cobain in his eyeliner and dresses and Marilyn Manson in his corsets. Boys who pay a bit too much attention to their clothes will always be thought suspicious by many, but adored by the rest. And with male make-up ranges suddenly appearing on the high street, this trend may be about to go mainstream again. Boys, *Scarlet's* arms – and wardrobes – are open. But seriously, stay out of our bathrooms. 



TRIED & TESTED:

High Street Eye Tests

When Scarlet discovered eye test results can vary widely from one high street optician to the next, we decided to try them for ourselves

tester: sarah hedley illustration: charlotte thomson

WHAT IS IT? “Eye tests are more of an art than a science,” explained my optometrist. “Really?” I was surprised. I’d have thought something as crucial as vision would have to be assessed accurately. My optometrist, who preferred not to be named, then went on to give me the following score for my ‘spheres’: right eye -0.25, left eye -0.50 (ie short-sighted in both eyes).

The ‘sphere’ represents the amount of long or short sight present. The larger the number, the stronger, and therefore the thicker, the lens will be. Plus lenses correct long sight and minus lenses correct short sight. This all seemed clear enough, but that same week, at another optician across the street, I was given these results: right eye +0.25, left eye 0.00 (ie long-sighted/normal vision).

old one, then you may not need to buy new lenses,” explained David. “Actually, a variation in results of 0.25 for the same person on the same day is absolutely normal; a difference of 0.50 is a little unusual, but not unheard of. Your optometrist should show you the difference between an old and new prescription with actual lenses, and then you can use your own judgement to decide whether you feel there’s an improvement in your vision.”


WHAT ACTUALLY HAPPENS?

Procedures used vary depending on which optician you visit and how much you pay. The stores under my microscope for this article were Vision Express and Specsavers. Both

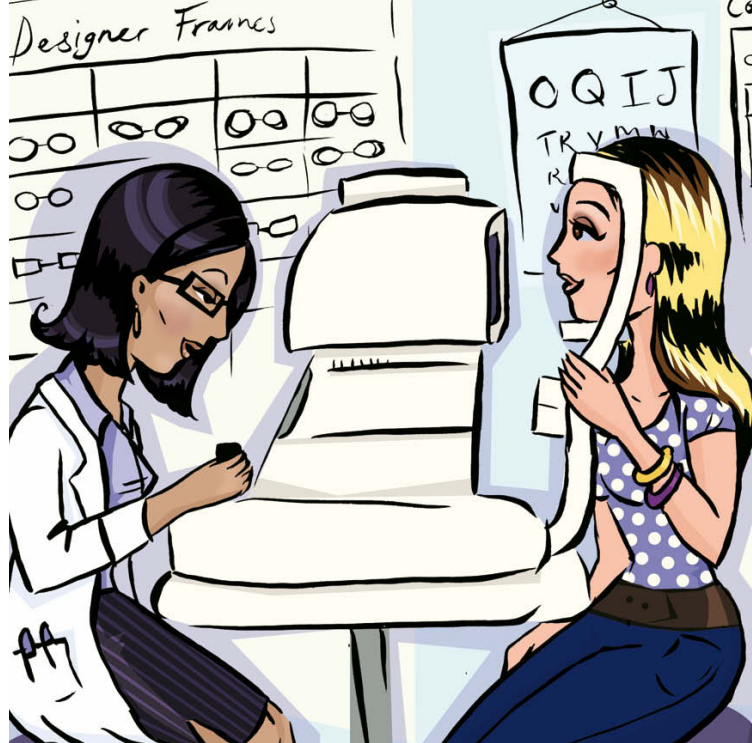
them – a weird experience, but a valuable one, as this is one of the tests used to detect glaucoma, a condition people don’t usually know they have until some sight is already lost.

Essentially, an eye examination isn’t just about getting the right prescription for specs; it’s also a check on your eye health. Glaucoma is just one of several eye diseases that can go unnoticed until it’s too late.

DID IT WORK? I got a clean bill of health for my eyes, but was unhappy about the variation in results between stores. Both were willing to sell me glasses to their suggested prescriptions, but which, if either, was accurate? I complained to the stores I visited and was retested by one of them for free – and guess what? I got yet another completely different set of results. These fell in the middle of the previous two (right eye 0.00, left eye -0.25), so I hedged my bets and went with those.

Though it’s essential to have regular eye tests, regardless of whether you wear glasses, always revisit your optician if you’re unhappy with the service provided or the prescription given. And before shelling out for new specs, consider spending an extra £20 or so to get a second opinion. Clearly, when it comes to high street opticians, you never know what you might get. 

An eye test at Specsavers costs £20 and costs from £22 at Vision Express. For info about eye tests visit College-Optometrists.org



In both stores, it was recommended I buy new glasses, even though one store diagnosed me as being short-sighted, and the other long

In both stores, it was recommended I buy new glasses, even though one store diagnosed me as being short-sighted, and the other long. I also noticed the difference between the two sets of results was 0.50; the difference between one of these sets and a prescription I was given two years earlier was also 0.50. Therefore, did I really need new glasses, or were these high street stores just trying to shift more specs?

I spoke to David Cartwright, council member of the College of Optometrists, to find out. “A variation of 0.50 wouldn’t make a huge difference, but if a new prescription only varies by 0.50 to your

companies asked about my eyes’ health and history; an ophthalmoscope (a special torch) was used to shine light through my pupils, allowing a detailed study of the internal eye and pupil reflexes; colour vision was tested by me looking at a series of overlapping green and red circles and explaining what I saw; and then I was asked to read letters on a board.

However, at the more expensive Vision Express, my optometrist also took photos of the interior of my eyes (so any changes between appointments could be tracked), and the pressure inside my eyes was measured by blasting a puff of air into

CLITERATURE

MAY 2015

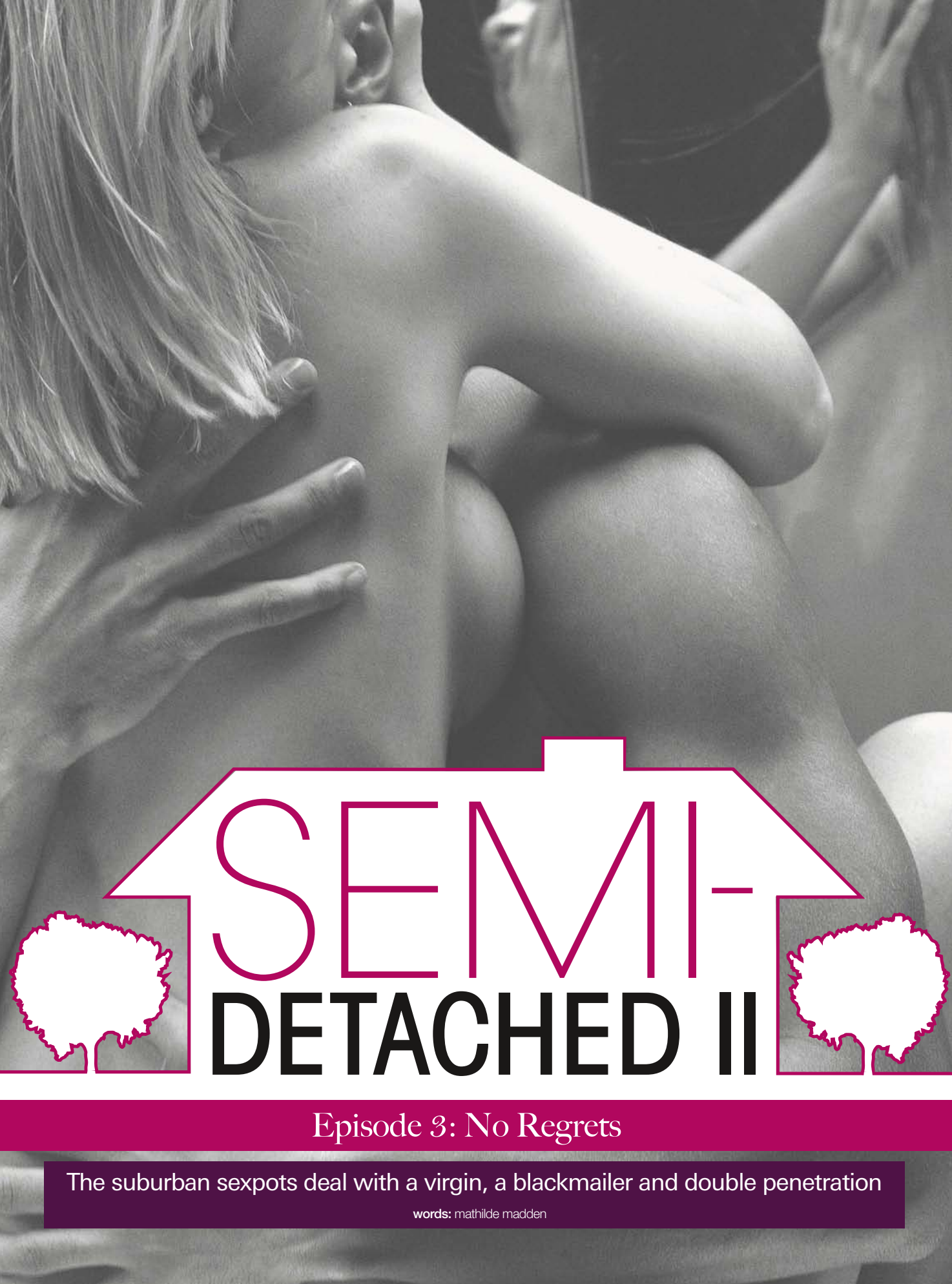


SEMI-DETACHED
PART THREE

OUR OUTDOOR
SEX SESSION

BEING GOOD
AT BEING BAD





SEMI- DETACHED II

Episode 3: No Regrets

The suburban sexpots deal with a virgin, a blackmailer and double penetration

words: mathilde madden

In last month's episode our two couples were struggling to keep their filthy four-way alive. Lisa was fighting jealousy over her husband Max's involvement in the gang bang, flighty Claire was more interested in a young gardener across the road, and her boyfriend, Phillip, received a blackmail letter that got him rather worried...

Phillip was a quiet, dependable man. He dressed in quiet, dependable clothes and held down a quiet, dependable job. Today he drove his quiet, dependable car to the place where he was meeting his blackmailer. It was nearly four o'clock in the morning. Not really getting light, but there was a whisper of something in the sky. Something like night being almost over. For the hundredth time on the short journey Phillip glanced over at the crumpled Sainsbury's carrier bag on the passenger seat, relieved to confirm it was still there. Just out of town and off a slip road from the dual carriageway, he parked up behind a small clump of trees and got out of the car.

"Phillip Oberlander."

"Yes," Phillip said, answering the statement like a question as he turned around. On the other side of the road, out of reach of his car's headlights, stood a tall figure in a hoodie.

"Got my money?"

"I've got five grand." Phillip raised the carrier bag he'd taken from the passenger seat. "That's all I could get."

The stranger shifted. "All you could get? You're a bank manager." His voice was deep – not as deep as Max's, but plenty macho.

Phillip let the silence run for slow seconds. "So?"

"Dur. You work in a bank, don't you? Can't you, like, get the money out of the safe or something?"

"Not without people finding out."

"That's your problem, mate." Phillip shivered inside his pin-striped suit. He should have worn a coat. It might be summer, but 4am was cold even in August.

"Well, that's true, but you're my problem too. You're blackmailing me because I don't want to get involved in some stupid sex scandal that'll ruin my reputation and possibly lose me my job, and yeah, fine, but fifty grand? That's just greedy. And expecting me to put my job on the line to get it – well, that makes no logical sense." There was part of Phillip that felt genuinely insulted

that his blackmailer wasn't more mentally agile.

"Tell you what," said the shadowy figure across the road, "get me another five and we'll call it even."

"I don't have another five thousand pounds." Phillip almost stamped his foot. "I just told you."

"Well maybe you'll have to ask one of your fuck buddies, huh? He-man, perhaps? Or the skinny Asian girl? Or the fat blonde chick? One of 'em must have some more readies."

"I'm not going to ask them..."

"Oh yes you are, Phillip. Let me tell you what you're going to do. You're going to drop that bag on the ground and get back in your car and drive away. Then, this time next week, you're going to come back here and do the exact same thing again, unless you want everyone to know what you've been doing. I can see it now: 'Local Bank Manager's Wife Swap Love Nest'..."

"Next week? Another five grand?"

way. Phillip waited, parked in a lay-by on the dual carriageway – far enough away from the junction with the tiny slip road but near enough to see clearly. He was hoping to follow his blackmailer when he emerged, but his plan didn't quite come off. The sky was lightening up and the traffic getting a little heavier on this busy artery out of town. He tried to pull out as soon as he saw the blackmailer emerge, but the road was suddenly choked with early morning lorries and he couldn't find an opening. All he could do was watch the white boxy Bedford van disappear into the flow of traffic heading up over the hill.

HEARTS AND TONGUES

Lisa was in several kinds of turmoil. She was naked and sprawled across the great double-double bed. The quilts were mussed and the pillows were everywhere. In bed with her, similarly libidinally sprawled, were her boyfriend Max and her lover Phillip. She knew in her heart and in her head that she



“Lisa was fine about being shared, but not with doing the sharing. In short, Lisa was jealous”

And how do I know that will be an end to it?"

In the dark, Phillip could just make out a shrug from the man.

"Well you don't. Not really."

Phillip sighed as he drove away back down the slip road. He'd been right earlier – this guy really wasn't as mentally agile as his blackmailing gig demanded. The road where they had met was a dead end, for a start. It went up through the trees a little further but finished up in impassable farmland. The guy would have to come back this

loved Max completely. He was utterly beautiful – like a statue of a Greek god that had joined a boy band – and utterly uncomplicated, living for food and fucking. And she loved Phillip too. She had fallen for Phillip hard. That wasn't the problem in itself – Lisa was enough of a modern girl to go with the poly-whatever spirit of it. She was happy to let her heart lead her. Oh, she could handle being in love with two men, but wasn't so relaxed about her men – Phillip in particular – being on a timeshare basis. Lisa was fine about

being shared, but not with doing the sharing. In short, Lisa was jealous. Jealous of Phillip's wife Claire. But while her head was full, Lisa had her mouth full too. That was the other kind of turmoil she was having to deal with. The pure beat of the best sex she had ever had.

She knelt on the floor in her underwear. Not fancy underwear, just white knickers and a white cotton bra. They didn't really match, even. The bra had a deep pink ribbon rosebud where the two cups joined, while the knickers were plain and quite bobbed and old. It didn't really matter. Lisa knew she had good skin. Depending on the time of year and how much sun she had had, it moved from dirty gold to light praline. And anywhere in her personal spectrum looked good set off with pure white. She was kneeling on the floor in front of the bed. Phillip sat in front of her, his legs spread a little. He was naked and his big long cock was hard in front of her face. She couldn't wait; she darted her head forward and slid her lipsticked mouth down over it, taking it as deep as she could bear.

Lisa's boyfriend Max sat across the room in a chair he had personally positioned for the best view, after telling Lisa that he "fucking loved seeing her with a cock in her mouth." Lisa slid her mouth back up again and let a little saliva seep out to make Phillip's cock wetter and slipper. He moaned.

Across the room Max growled, "C'mon, babe, take it deeper than that. Show him how much you love cock. I know you do. I know you love cock." Lisa did as she was told. Phillip moaned again and, behind her, she could hear the slick rhythm of Max taking his own cock in a tight fist. She kept going, taking him deeper with every descent of her lips. As she got closer and closer to the point where she knew he was going to come he began to wind his fists in her hair, holding her skull tight and still. He began to lift his hips up, fucking her face. She felt something behind her. Max. She couldn't move her head to look and he didn't speak, but the air changed. Something made her sure he was there, even before she caught the cinnamon-lemon-peat scent of his sweat and arousal. Phillip yanked her head back as he began to come, holding her so that as his cock erupted, blue-white semen blurred before her eyes, hitting her face in warm,

wet ribbons. At the same time, still behind her, Max began to come too, his wetness splattering her back. She was still reeling when Max took her hand and whirled her around. He was crouching in front of her on the floor now. He took her face in his hands, palms flat on her hot cheeks, and leaned close to lick up some of Phillip's come.

"Oh God, Max." Something about being covered in two men's come was making Lisa's head spin.

"I know, baby," Max said quietly, between long licks of Phillip's come. "Like your own mini bukkake."

Lisa laughed. Behind her she felt Phillip start to kiss away Max's semen where it covered her back. "You sick fuck."

"Yeah, yeah. Well, actually, 'sfunny you should say that. I did just get really turned on watching my girlfriend suck off the next door neighbour."

Lisa's heart felt stony again even through the taut heat of sex. This was all so wrong. So upside down. But as Max and Phillip drew her up onto the bed together and began working her c**t with both their tongues, it became harder and harder for her to think that



this wasn't everything she wanted.

LIKE A VIRGIN

Meanwhile Claire was once again in bed with Dan, the 18-year-old gardener from across the road. Tonight, she'd decided, had to be the night – time that she and Dan finally consummated their relationship properly. She had dressed in a way that she hoped would turn him on, but not push him too far. That had been the problem the last time they'd tried to fuck. Claire was used to trying to be as damn sexy as possible, but then, the last time she had had to deal with the tricky sexuality of a teenager she'd been one herself. She'd taken off her jeans and was wearing a tight T-shirt with some plain white cotton underwear that was probably Lisa's (nothing like partner swapping to cause total laundry chaos). Dan was sitting on the single bed next to where she was sprawled. He still wore his jeans, but his top was scrunched on the floor. He was looking at her lustily, but was talking about, of all things, compost.

"Most people just get one of them bins from B&Q and start filling it with potato peelings and banana skins. Then, by summer, they got a house full of fruit flies. It's stupid. Composting is tough. It's an art. You can't just start flinging stuff into a bin. You got to layer it. Craft it. Love it, even. All this craze for composting is doing is creating a bloody insect problem and barrel after barrel of sludge to be dealt with."

"Dan," Claire said suddenly, realising she'd be lying here listening to Gardener's World all evening if she didn't make her move, "why don't you come here and kiss me?"

Dan grinned. "Shit, sorry. Was I boring you?"

Claire shrugged. "I just like kissing you."

Dan shifted slightly awkwardly down the bed, then spread his body over Claire's and began to kiss her. Claire inhaled. Dan always smelled slightly of fresh sweat, even right from the shower. His skin was always sun-hot. He was like an outdoor spirit. A green man. As he kissed her his erection grew to ridiculous prominence under his jeans and she grabbed greedily at the bare skin on his back. Then she felt something in his mouth.

"What's that?" she asked, pulling her mouth from his.

Dan looked smug. "A surprise."

"What sort of surprise?" He poked out his tongue. Right in the middle was a twinkle of metal.

Claire gasped. "Ew. What did you do that for?"

Dan looked crestfallen. "For sex. It's for sex."

"Not for fucking. I thought we were going to fuck. I want you to fuck me."

"I can still fuck you."

"Yes, but it's not what you want, is it? You got that thing, thinking I would see it and want your mouth on my pussy all night."

"Well, is that such a bad thing? I just want to make you happy." Claire twisted her mouth. He looked so upset. She shook her head.

"Guess not." But as he grinned and started to yank off her knickers she found it hard to fathom why he seemed so determined not to give her his cherry.

HER SWEET TRANSVESTITE

Lisa was in the kitchen of her own house making coffee when she heard the neighbours' front door bang. Claire was home. Lisa knew that Phillip and Max were in bed upstairs in the knocked-through master bedroom that joined their two houses. She heard Claire clatter up the stairs. Max's deep growl was indeterminable, but Claire's

share her men with Claire any more.

It was breaking her heart. Lisa wished hard that she was more cool with their arrangement, but she wasn't. And she just couldn't deal with Claire right now. Part of the problem was that Lisa had seen Claire fucked to her demand so many times. Lisa liked spit roast when she had the luxury of the ministrations of both men, but Claire favoured double penetration. Lisa couldn't help imagining as she worked the plunger of the French press up and down. Claire'd be on top of Max, impaled on his big cock while his strength and piston-hips let him drive up into her. Max was very good at woman on top. It wasn't Lisa's favourite position, but Max liked it, so he'd made it his business to get very, very good at making it every bit as sensation-rich as any other arrangement of bodies in space. Claire would also have Phillip behind her, sliding his long but slightly more slender cock into her arse, filling her so completely that she would be incoherent, her mouth moving wordlessly other than the occasional plea for more.

Lisa took her lonely coffee-for-one up to the back bedroom on her side of the house. She closed the door firmly behind her, shutting out most of the sounds from the front of the house. As she slipped into bed she slid her



Slipping into bed, she
slid her fingers between
her legs and thought of
sucking Phillip again

strident voice carried right down to Lisa.

"Okay you two, get your paws off each other. Which one of you wants to fuck me, very hard and very right this minute?" Max said something else impossible to make out over the sounds of scuffling and the bed creaking.

Then Claire said, "Where's Lisa?"

Phillip replied, "Making coffee. She'll be up in a minute." But, in the kitchen, Lisa knew she had no intention of being up in a minute. She couldn't

fingers between her legs and thought of sucking Phillip's cock again. But this time he was in his full cross-dressing regalia. Fishnets and suspenders, the lot. As she took him deep, his slutty shoes raked at the sheet and his lipsticked mouth formed desperate 'O's of arousal.

Phillip never cross-dressed any more. He said Max didn't like it. 🐘

Next issue: Lisa finds out who Claire's seeing and Phillip tracks down his blackmailer

“A STRANGER JOINED OUR OUTDOOR SEX SESSION”

HEATHER discovered the Swedes were open to alfresco

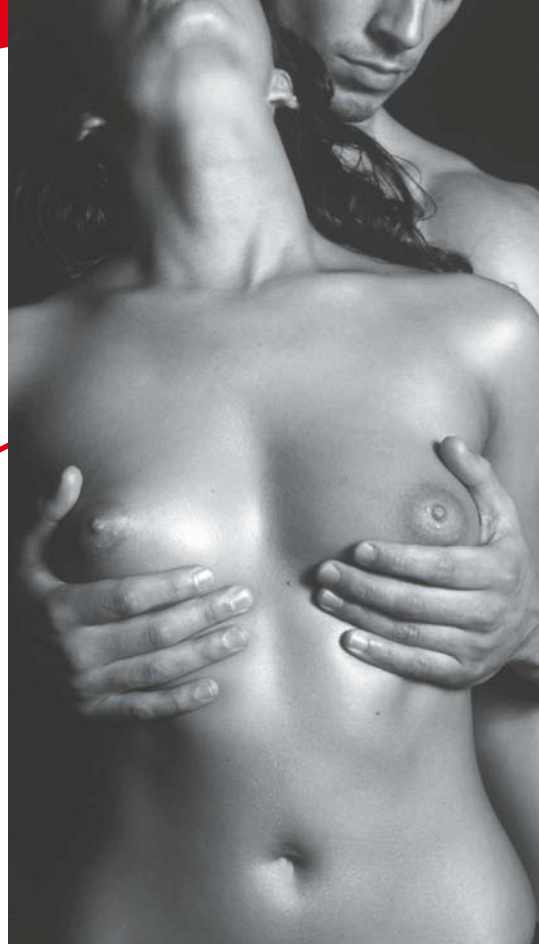
We were basking under the sun, by the edge of a creek in the middle of the forest, taking a break from our hiking, when I started to get really hot. Don was lying next to me, his shirt off and chest gleaming, and I just couldn't resist. I rolled over on top of the guy and started kissing him.

He threw his arms around me and kissed back, and I squirmed a hand in between our overheated bodies and grabbed onto his cock through his shorts. As he slid his hands up under my shorts and grabbed my bum he started working my cheeks. I sucked his tongue into my mouth and tugged on it, the pair of us putting on a real show for the birds and the bees and the whispering trees – a different kind of wildlife than they were used to around there.

I wormed my way down Don's torso and licked at his rigid nipples, licking the sweat off his chest. Then I sat up and tore my shirt open and recklessly flung it aside, then my bra, baring my breasts to the hot sun – and Don's hot hands. He felt up my tits, squeezing the deliciously tingling flesh, really getting into the unprotected (by tent canvas) sexing – our first outdoor exhibition. Then he pushed me off and we raced each other to see who could get fully naked first. I won, a raunchy Eve with her randy Adam in that forested Swedish paradise. I pushed him back down and jumped on top of him, over the top of his stiffened snake. And even the cheerfully babbling brook couldn't drown out my moans of passion as I plugged Don into my slit and sank him home.

I started bouncing up and down, digging my dirty fingernails into the dude's chest and riding him cowgirl-style. It was wild and wicked and wonderful, the two of us shagging up a storm out in the sun-drenched open in that foreign land. And it got even wilder when I noticed the red-headed bloke on the bluff overlooking the creek, watching us. He had his cock out and was stroking it, staring at me bucking up and down. Don pumping his hips and cock in rhythm to my gyrations. I raised a hand and waved at him to join us. I was that caught up in the torrid action that I was willing to risk our first threesome. The guy scrambled down towards us, shedding clothing every step of the way. And before Don even realised what was going on – just how naughty I can get when fully aroused – Red was at the back of me, naked except for his leather boots and the latex sheath on his cock.

He babbled something in Swedish, and I responded with the universal language of lust – popping Don out and pushing my bum into the air, presenting my pussy for the stranger. He grasped my hips and ploughed straight inside, splashing up against my bum. I almost came on the spot. But I held on, occupying my hands and mouth with Don's juice-slick cock, gripping and sucking on it as Red fucked me from behind.



Don stared at the stranger getting so intimate with his girl. Then his widened brown eyes glazed, and he groaned, as I bobbed my head up and down, in time to Red's thrusting. The Swedish sun beamed down on our open-air threesome, me sucking hungrily on Don's cock, the lusty stranger pounding away at my pussy. I was on fire, the flames fanned by Red's urgent pumping. I struggled to keep Don in my mouth, my groans filling his cock and body. It was just too outdoors intense to last for

“I responded by popping Don out and presenting my pussy for the stranger”

too long. Don came first – pulsing hot spunk into my mouth. And then Red let out a strangled cry, banging me in a frenzy. Which was when I went into total meltdown, gulping and shuddering, ablaze with ecstasy.

Don and I never saw our fellow traveller again. But the scorching memories of that blistering summer vacation will last us a lifetime. 🍷

“MY MATE’S MORNING WANK GOT ME ALL WET”

WHEN Janet described her waking ritual, Cathy lost control

A friend from college was having her usual breakfast at my house, and we were having our usual morning chat about our sex lives, but today was different. Janet was about to blow my mind with her confession and leave me burning inside with uncontrollable urges.

“Have you ever done yourself when your man hasn’t been around?” she asked.

“Yes, once” I replied, “but not to completion.”

Janet was always more open when it came to our special chats; so much so that I think she enjoyed how I’d sit there, staring at her, transfixed with excitement until she’d finished. I was always more reserved and coy when it came to the precise details.

“Well, I did it yesterday morning,” she confided. “I woke up so aroused that I could have fingered myself there and then. The knickers I had on were soaking up my wetness and my need was overwhelming. I couldn’t believe how wet I was. I pulled back the sheets and spread my legs, then with one hand reached inside my knickers and probed my clitoris through the sticky feast my man would have been only too happy to lap up like a thirsty pup. I could imagine him lashing his tongue in and out.”

She giggled. “I knew that I was on my own so I grasped my breasts and let my tongue slide over my nipples, really turning myself on. It was a few moments later when I left the bedroom to go to the bathroom to cool off that I knew I wouldn’t be able to stop myself from seeing it through. Then I was in the kitchen, waiting for the kettle to boil, and I couldn’t help myself. I had to explore my pussy again. I opened my gown, pulled my knickers to one side and began to finger fuck myself right there and then, moaning heavily. I was also rubbing my bum hole, which intensified the experience. I felt so naughty but I couldn’t help it. I went back into the bedroom to get my tool, an eight-inch rubber dildo, ribbed for extra pleasure with three speed settings. It was a gift from my man that I’d only ever used with him, but now I had complete control; the power was in my hands and I was going to use it to its full potential.

“I lay on the bed, chose the maximum setting and urgently thrust my rubber playmate deep into my aching pussy, nearly screaming with pleasure. I was aware that I was on my own and no one could hear me so I gave in to the wanton feelings that had pained me from the moment I’d woken up. I lifted my legs high off the bed and looked down at the dildo, seeing the glistening of my juices along its long shaft. I had to bring the dildo up to my lips so I could taste myself. Then I was back to fucking myself with the dildo; faster, deeper, I pounded my body until I was engulfed in a fire that I’d only ever felt a few times before. Unable to move, my whole body was awash with unbelievable emotion as I fell back on the bed, panting like a marathon runner, completely satisfied,




eagerly awaiting my gold medal.

“I don’t know what my man would say if I told him,” Janet concluded with a giggle, “but next time I might tape the whole experience and suggest we watch a movie together.”

I sat in awe, listening, unable to move even a facial muscle for fear of her forgetting one small detail. My mouth was dry and my heart was racing as I found myself totally turned on by her words.

After she left I felt like a woman who’d been brought to the edge of orgasm and then suddenly dropped like a meaningless

“I lay on the bed and urgently thrust my rubber playmate deep into my aching pussy”

consequence. My thoughts turned to the coming evening, quickly trying to shut out these feelings as if it was wrong to be turned on by my friend. My man and I had been invited to a meal with the in-laws, not something a woman usually looks forward to. One hundred ways to big up their son was always high on the agenda but, right then, all I was looking forward to was having their big son up me that night. But that’s another story. 



CLITERATURE

Male Shot

Scarlet men tell us their sauciest stories. This month
TJ Brown dreams of a free show from a lapdancer...

I watched her from across the room. As I took in the small waist, tight round buttocks and long legs I felt my cock give an involuntary spasm and harden.

Her ears, throat and fingers glistened with replica diamonds. A long, delicate pink dress clung to her body, the halter neck cut low to reveal ample cleavage. Standing in the shadows I watched as she slid around the pole, ignoring the crowd, listening instead to the music and flicking her thick dark hair. I wished she would take care of my pole in the same fashion. I liked the fact that she was standoffish.

The DJ broke the spell as the song ended. "Thank you, Venus. Next, we have the lovely Talisha." A slightly tubby girl with huge fake tits moved to centre stage. Leaving her to it I made my way to the cocktail bar and ordered myself a top shelf scotch. I spotted her from the corner of my eye as she strutted towards me. She tilted her head and put her hand on her hip. "Would you like to have a dance?" I hesitated. Grabbing a handful of my jacket she pulled me in close. "Oh, I think you would. I've seen you watching me, and I don't just mean today." Taking me by the hand she drew me towards a small room away from the main floor and pressed herself against me. I struggled to speak. I was shy around women, especially beautiful, confident, sexy women. Still holding my hand and not bothering to wait for a reply she showed me into a small, dimly-lit room. The room contained a single bed and a worn table and chair and had a small barred window. I assumed it was meant to be a prison cell.

"H-how much, for a dance?" I stammered, overcome with nerves.

Venus shook her head. "This one's on me. I think you're cute, with your glasses and briefcase, hiding at the back of the club. I'm going to show you what you've been missing."

Spreading my legs, she stood in front of me. Slowly she peeled down her dress to expose her large, firm breasts. Taking off my glasses she rubbed her cleavage in my face, teasing my nose first with one hardened pink nipple then

the other. Then she slid down until her breasts rested against my crotch. My penis, already hard, seeped a little at her touch. I badly wanted to touch her soft, tanned skin, but I knew the rules: no touching at all, ever. Regaining her feet she straddled me, rubbing herself against my hard dick.

"Mmm," I moaned with mingled pleasure and frustration.

Venus giggled. "Do you like it when I sit on your cock?" My face reddened. "Oh, poor baby," she continued, "have I embarrassed you? I'll make it all better." She rubbed a hard nipple over my lips, encouraging me to take it in my mouth and tease it with my tongue. Leaning in, she hid my actions with the curtain of

'With every lick, nibble and movement of my finger she groaned in pleasure'

her hair. Moving away, she pulled down her tiny shorts to uncover her naked, smooth pussy. I watched in silence as she moved towards me and sat naked on my knee.

"Look, I'm wet." She rubbed a finger over her pussy and held it up for my appraisal. "Do you want to have a feel?" She opened her legs slightly in brazen invitation.

I hesitated. "Why are you doing this?" Venus fondled her breasts and tried to look perplexed, then ruined the effect by giving me a cheeky smile.

"I don't know what you mean." She met my gaze. "It's because I like you, and right now I'm horny. So why don't you help a girl out?" She battered her eyelashes in imitation of a damsel in distress. With an unsteady hand I touched a finger to her dampened pussy. Feeling her wetness, I grew bold and slipped my middle finger inside her. I had her full attention; she moved slightly, pushing me further inside.

Removing my finger from her soft embrace I licked it clean.

"Mmm, you taste good, can I use my tongue?" Understanding, she stood on the bed, a leg on either side of my sitting form. I tickled her slippery clit with my tongue, while my finger penetrated her, using it to pull her hard against my face. With every lick, nibble and movement of my finger she groaned in pleasure and, unable to escape, her legs turned to jelly. Finally I set her free, emerging from between her legs, my face covered in her juice. Then, grabbing me by the hair, she pulled me into a fierce kiss, tasting herself in my mouth.

"I want your cock," she whispered.

Fumbling with my fly I let my smooth, circumcised dick, hard and sticky with anticipation, free. Quickly she straddled me, taking a condom from beneath the bed and slipping it deftly on, but allowed only the head of my thick penis to penetrate her. Unable to stand it, I pulled her onto my cock and thrust up, driving myself deep inside her. I wanted her to feel every inch of me. She slid her wet, eager pussy up and down my iron rod, grinding her pelvis against me.

Finding my voice finally, I gasped, "Your pussy feels so warm and tight. What does my cock feel like?"

"Good. I'm going to fuck you so... oh God, I'm going to come. Give it to me. I want all of you."

My mouth covered hers, smothering her cries of ecstasy as we both came in unison, and then a security guard walked through the door and looked at Venus, still locked in a naked embrace.

"Everything OK in here?"

With my penis still pulsating inside her, shining with sweat, heart pounding and sticky with the sap of desire, she smiled. "Yes, no problem, we're nearly finished." Venus detangled herself from my shaking body and I zipped up my trousers. I looked at her, then at the floor, my face burning with emotion.

"Thanks."

Venus stopped me at the door. She leant forward and pressed her lips to mine in a lingering kiss. "I shouldn't have to tell you this, but what we just did, never happened." 🍷

Anything

Katie learnt the hard way that Ben was very good at being bad

words: donna george storey images: eve poland

Katie never wanted the two of them to meet. Ryan and Ben were supposed to remain separate in her life, just as they fulfilled very different needs in the bedroom. Ryan was the bad boy, the one Katie called when she was in the mood to be handcuffed to the bed and teased until she begged for his cock, which would earn her a red-hot spanking for having such a dirty mouth. Ryan made her take off her knickers before they went out so he could finger her under the tablecloth at fancy restaurants. He fucked her in alleyways or doggystyle in the host's bathroom at parties, and made her feel deliciously wicked, a naughty slut who could never get enough.

Ben was the gentleman, the one she took to meet her parents. He would warm her up slowly with his magic tongue, then lift her on top so he could suck her nipples and play with her arse while she rode him to a glorious climax. Ben let her come twice, sometimes three times, before he finally took his own pleasure. He cooked her Sunday breakfast – crêpes with Calvados and apples – and cheerfully offered to help her put in her new garden. He made Katie feel cherished, and she had to admit he satisfied almost every desire. Except, of course, for those dark cravings that kept her calling Ryan every week for her fix. She knew it was risky to be juggling two lovers, but as long as she kept them well apart, what did she have to lose? >>



The answer to that question came one Saturday morning when she was getting Ryan breakfast after an all-night sex game involving a sultan and his wayward concubine. Katie bent over to get a new jar of jam from the cupboard, providing an irresistible target for the 'sultan', who promptly gave her a swat on the buttocks, just as he had so many times the night before. She squealed and jumped to attention with a giggle, just in time to see Ben standing at her back door with two rosemary shrubs in his hands. She'd been expecting him to come and help with the garden, but he wasn't due until after lunch.

Katie could tell from Ben's expression that he'd seen everything. She saw something, too. She didn't want to lose him. But before she could say anything – not that she had any excuse to make things right – Ben was gone. For two days he refused to take her calls. When he finally did answer, his voice was a stranger's; cautious and chilly.

"Please give me another chance, Ben," was all she could say.

"Another chance to fuck other men behind my back?" His tone was positively arctic.

"You're the only one I want. I know that now. Please. I'll do anything."

He paused. "Anything?"

The lilt in his voice was the first sign of hope. "Anything," she repeated.

"Then come to my place at nine tonight. Don't be late."

He hung up without even a goodbye, but Katie allowed herself a small smile of victory. Once she got him alone, she knew she could melt him.

Unfortunately, Ben still gave her the icy treatment when she arrived promptly at nine. He stepped out of her reach when she tried to hug him and gestured towards the living room.

"Stand over there and take off all of your clothes."

Katie obeyed, her heart pounding. Under his impassive gaze, she stripped to her underwear then tried another winning smile. After all, she'd chosen the pink satin bra and panties specifically because he'd once told her they made her look like the first rose of spring. But apparently Ben was still in a wintry mood. "Hurry up, Katie. We can't get started until you're naked."

"What are we going to do?" She

meant to purr seductively, but her voice came out in a timid squeak.

His eyes twinkled with a strange light. "No questions, no explanations. You promised you'd do anything, right?" Her belly tightened, fear mixed with a definite twinge of lust. She had indeed made that promise, but to a different man from the one who stood before her. Ben reached for his fancy digital camera that he'd once used to take photos of her posed amid the flowers on a romantic country outing.

"All right then, take your breasts in your hands and stick out your arse. A fitting pose for a trollop like you."

Katie felt herself blush. Yet posing

"Take your breasts in your hands and stick out your arse," said Ben. "Fitting for a trollop like you"

for a few suggestive photos in the nude wasn't such a bad punishment, and it might easily work to her advantage. She'd already noted the promising bulge in his jeans. Dutifully cupping her breasts, she arched her back to accentuate the curve of her buttocks. She heard the faint tap of his finger snapping the first picture, a vaguely obscene sound, like the wet click of her secret flesh when she masturbated.

"Now spread your legs and tilt your hips forward. That's good. Hold your lips open so I can get a good view of that insatiable pussy of yours."

Katie hesitated. This was getting into hardcore territory. Besides, if she opened herself for him, he'd discover another truth: this X-rated photo session was making her incredibly

wet. Ben clicked his tongue. "You won't do it? I guess you lied to me again. Get dressed and go on home then."

"No, I'll do it." Hands shaking, Katie timidly parted her labia. Ben knelt and snapped pictures from several angles. She squeezed her eyes tightly closed – as if that would hide the fact her fingers were shamefully slippery with her own moisture.

"Bend over and let me get some close-ups of your arse."

She turned and leaned forwards. Now it was impossible to keep from trembling with desire as well as embarrassment. She'd seen pictures of women in porn magazines like this, their arse cracks and swollen pink vulvas exposed, ready to be taken. Katie was very ready, and her c**t muscles instinctively pushed open to the probing of that cool eye. She could feel Ben draw closer. Was he going to touch her and reclaim her at last? Instead he stood abruptly and walked over to the armchair.

"Come sit down over here. I have a present for you." He handed her a box done up in a pink ribbon.

The frilly wrapping concealed another surprise: a large pink dildo embossed with life-like veins. Katie stared, speechless. Somehow the usual "thank you" didn't seem appropriate.

Ben seemed to enjoy her confusion. "I know your schedule is already filled with lovers, but I thought you might have room to slip in a new friend. Why don't we take a picture of you giving him a get-acquainted kiss?" Katie obediently brushed her lips over the glans of the sex toy.

"Now suck him, all the way down, just like you do with that other guy." Wincing, she slid the rigid column into her mouth while Ben captured the action on camera. This cock was bigger than Ryan, more like Ben himself, but she sensed it wasn't the right moment to pass on the compliment.

"OK, I think you two know each other well enough. Shall we get a few juicy ones of you making love?" Katie pulled the toy from her mouth with a soft slurp, aware of the film of saliva coating her lips like semen. She was beyond protest. She would fuck this obscene tool, if he wanted that. She would indeed do anything for Ben

now. Moaning softly, she spread her legs and nudged the dildo into her opening. With her other hand, she began to strum her clit.

"That's it, push him all the way in and work him to a lather," Ben crooned. He was kneeling between her legs now, the camera lens like a second cock, waiting its turn. "Oh, yeah, this is going to get the best ratings on those amateur porn sites."

Katie froze.

Ben snickered. "What's the matter? We both know I've been sharing you with at least one other man, why not thousands?" Her heart skipped a beat. Would he really post her image all over the internet so that any drooling stranger could whack off to it? The Ben she thought she knew would never do something so perverse. Yet tonight, she had to admit, anything seemed possible.

She swallowed down the lump in her throat. "OK, I said I'd do anything."

His eyes flickered with a new softness, but then his lips lifted into a wolfish leer. "Good girl. Then let's get on with the show."

Katie worked the dildo in and out as he instructed, self-consciously at first, but soon she was so hot and tingly, she rammed it into her vagina with abandon. Ben continued to record it all for the viewing pleasure of countless horny men, but by then she was so turned on she didn't care who else would see as long as Ben was there, urging her on to new heights of depravity. She was close to climax when she heard a voice, soft as velvet, in her ear. "Do you want to make love to a real man now?"

"Yes, please," she panted. At last she would get what she really wanted. Then a chill shot through her. What if he had a buddy waiting in the back to do the honours instead?

Ben had a different test in mind. "I'll fuck you, but first you have to tell me what he did for you that I couldn't."

"He... tied me up and he... spanked me. I never asked you because you seemed so perfect, so nice..."

Ben made a funny sound in his throat. "Oh, yeah? Wait there. I'll be right back."

A moment later he returned with one of his ties. "Stand up. Cross your hands behind your back." With

impressive skill, he quickly bound her wrists, pushed her to her knees and bent her over the chair. The first slap was a smacking blow aimed right at her tender crack. She yelped.

With impressive skill, he quickly bound her wrists, pushed her to her knees and bent her over the chair

Ben snorted. "No whining. You deserve this, don't you?"

"Yes," Katie said, her voice hoarse and thick.

His hand slipped around to tease her clit just as the second slap landed. "You're so horny, you have to fuck two men to get what you need."

"I'll change my ways," she pleaded. The offer earned her another spanking. Katie whimpered as the fiery sting faded into pleasure. Her arse was glowing like a Christmas tree. Ben was very good at this, yet another of the evening's surprises.

"From now

on you promise to fuck only me?"

"Yes, I promise."

His finger slipped from her labia, and she groaned in disappointment, but the rasp of his zipper gave her hope. She groaned again, as he pushed his thick cock inside her.


"You'll do anything, right? In fact, you're going to come while I spank you for being a bad girl."

"Yes, I'll do anything," she managed to croak out, as Ben quickened his pace, each thrust punctuated with a slap on her buttocks. Every blow drove her closer to the edge and then, before she knew it, she was keeping her promise. She was coming hard and loud, and he was returning the favour in kind, grunting like an animal as he emptied himself into her. Afterwards he took her in his arms and pulled her down to the carpet.

"Did you... like that?" he asked softly.

"Very much," she whispered. "But did you?"

"More than I expected. We'll have to try it again some time now that we're back together." Ben hugged her closer, his warm flesh melting into hers.

Katie smiled. When her two lovers met, she thought she'd have to choose between them – good or bad? Tonight she'd learned that Ben was good enough to be both: a man who could do anything. 



Last Dance

Tim gave Kim a send-off she'd never forget

words: kim essery images: eve poland



Tim and I had the best break-up ever. The affair had run its course: the sex was amazing and we had a good laugh, but at 28 that just wasn't enough for me any more. It wasn't that I was waiting for Prince Charming; it was more that I was bored with my life. I wanted something real. And so Tim had to go, because I was never going to get anywhere if I stayed with him just because he was a great fuck and a lovely bloke. I was pretty sure he felt the same; fun's all well and good, but we were both losing interest in our shallow London lives.

Most of my friends thought I was nuts for giving him up. We got on well and he was a good-looking boy, no question: tall, lovely limpid brown eyes, warm smile, nicely worked-out body. No one could get their heads round why I'd let a catch like that get away, especially with the dreaded 30th birthday getting closer every day. But that was nothing compared to the shock they got when I announced that I was packing in my job as a legal secretary and going travelling. But it was all part of the same malaise. Other women my age were stressing about finding husbands; I was stressing about finding myself. Tim, my job, my social life; I had to get rid of everything so I could start clean.

I had my farewell party at my local, for old time's sake. I wasn't expecting Tim to turn up but I texted him anyway. The last time we'd seen each other had been a bittersweet lunch date at a tacky café in Soho. We hadn't had sex, which I was secretly regretting.



The drama queen in me would have loved one final brilliant shag but the realist knew that letting go of him would be a lot harder if I had to think about how well he knew my body. As per usual he seemed to trust my judgement, and we'd had a poignant goodbye kiss on the rainy pavement.

Like I said, I'm something of a drama queen, so there was no way I was going to go to my own party without looking great. To that end, I raided the cupboard of a fashion PR friend who got amazing freebies. Tanya kitted me out in a mind-blowing black dress that maximised my cleavage while minimising my spare tyre and loaned me a pair of skyscraper heels that forced me to walk with an exaggerated wiggle. I was going to leave London with something to remember me by.

The party was brilliant, full of lawyers splashing out on expensive bubbly (it's amazing what a decent dress and a good bra can do for a girl's popularity). I'd just managed to disentangle myself and head back to the crush of dancing people when I spotted Tim. It sounds cheesy now, but our eyes met across the crowded room, they really did. I felt a frisson of excitement when I saw him, a tiny hit of electricity passing between us. I mouthed hello and he grinned, nodding approvingly at my outfit.

"Drink?" he motioned. I nodded and started pushing my way through to him. By the time I got there he was leaning against the bar with a pint in his hand and a glass of wine waiting for me. And I had to admit he was looking fine. A thin black T-shirt showed off his toned torso, and his smiling eyes crinkled up as I reached him.

"You're popular tonight," he said, leaning forwards to kiss my cheek. A scrape of stubble and a whiff of his freshly-washed scent upped the electric factor.

"Always have been," I grinned. "I

didn't think you'd come."

"I thought I should see you one more time," he smiled, looking me up and down again with those appraising eyes. "And I'm glad I did. How come you never wore that dress when we were together?"

"It's on loan," I said. "Actually these aren't my breasts either."

He snickered and the electric moment was broken.

"I should go mingle," I said, touching his arm. "Don't rush off, yeah?"

"Don't worry, I'm not going anywhere."

As I turned and walked off I found myself racking my brains; why had we broken up again? What was I thinking, running off to Thailand when I had a great career, amazing friends and a beautiful boy right here? I sighed and shook my head. The alcohol was definitely getting to me. I headed to the ladies' for some recuperation.

As I stood in front of the mirror carefully applying lip gloss, I gave myself a stern talking-to. Tim was in the past; I was thinking with my clit instead of my head. I couldn't deny that there was a heat between my thighs. I was wet just from being close to him. I shook my head again, firmly. This was precisely why I'd had to finish

tell me?"

He said nothing, his body totally still except for his hand, which he slid onto my waist and then down over the curve of my arse. I felt my thighs tense up and I involuntarily pushed my buttocks out, angling for his touch.

"Hey, don't you think ..."

"Shhh," he whispered, pulling me round so I was facing him. He looked into my eyes. "Just be quiet for once." Then he put his hand on the back of my neck and pulled my head in close to his, gently licking just in between my lips, a move guaranteed to drive me crazy.

And it worked. I opened my mouth to him, hands fumbling at his T-shirt, hips jutting forwards. He moved away from me, finger on lips motioning silence, then grabbed my hand and manoeuvred me into one of the stalls, kicking the door closed and locking it smoothly. He moved me round so my back was against the door and pushed himself hard against me. I could feel the hot pressure of his erect cock against my thigh and I was gagging to free it, but he kept me trapped with his body as he reached down and yanked my dress up around my waist, tongue diving deeply into my mouth all the while. I moaned quietly, struggling to move my legs apart so

I shuddered, grinding myself against him, desperate for friction on my rock-hard clit

it. It was no good being befuddled by sex; I had more important things to think about.

I was so wrapped up in this internal pep talk that I didn't turn when the bathroom door swung open. It was only when I felt his presence at my elbow that I realised he'd followed me in.

I giggled and started gabbling nervously. "Tim! Ha! This is for girls you know – is there something you want to

he could reach my wet pussy, swollen now and longing for his fingers, his tongue, his cock. He slipped his index finger under my pants and trailed it gently along the dripping line of my c**t. I shuddered, grinding myself against him, desperate for some friction on my rock-hard clit.

I was so into it that I didn't hear the squeak as the toilet door opened; Tim did, luckily, and quickly whipped his hand out of my pants and hard

I groaned, shuddered, clenched myself around him one final time as the climax of an explosive orgasm rushed over me

over my mouth. I could smell my own arousal on his fingertips and it was driving me crazy; I bit his palm gently and moved my hips slowly up and down over his bulging crotch. We stood like that for what seemed like hours, eye to eye with my heat growing every second, until we heard the flush and the swing of the door that meant we were alone again. He stood back from me, hitching my dress further up my body and tangling his fingers in my soaking pants, then kneeling carefully to peel them down, running his hands along my thighs as he did. I shifted down, moaning again, opening myself to his eyes and his hands. He stood, then gently trailed a finger around my burning clit. He looked at me with a question in his eyes and I nodded, barely moving, pinned against the door by the force of my desire. He reached into his back pocket and pulled out a condom, opening it with fingers that I barely noticed were trembling. My eyes fastened to his crotch as he unzipped his jeans and revealed his beautifully erect cock. He rolled the condom down and then moved himself against me. The feeling of the latex-covered hardness rubbing against my soaking pussy was unbearably erotic, and I couldn't stand it anymore. I had to have him.

I braced myself against the door and lifted my hips to him as he leaned into me, grasping my arse and forcing me slightly upwards, tilting my pelvis until the angle was perfect. Then slowly, oh so slowly, he lowered me, or I lowered myself – I could hardly tell by then who was doing what – all the way down onto his throbbing hot cock. As his warm hardness filled me I felt myself open and I moaned again, biting my tongue to keep the sound down. My eyes were locked onto his as I took his full length deep inside me, gasping at the almost-pain of it as I felt him caress

my cervix. And then we were there, pressed tight together, the curve of his groin pushing hard against my tender clit as he gently moved himself inside me; with each rock of his hips I got closer, panting for breath and gritting my teeth, bucking against him, feeling the delicious friction build to something close to agony. His hands on my arse clenched tighter, nails digging into the soft skin, and I knew he was close too, so I leaned into him open-mouthed and sucked his tongue out, pumping my body against his as the undeniable waves of pressure soaked out from my hot tight pussy and radiated all the way to my fingertips. I groaned, shuddered, clenched myself around him one final time as the climax of an explosive orgasm rushed over me. I felt him shake too, felt him pump his hot load and shudder to a finish. I muttered his name as he collapsed against me, wrapping one trembling leg around his waist and my arms around his neck.

When it was finished we pulled apart slowly, almost embarrassed. As good as it had been with us it had never been anything like this, this hot horny animal activity. I kept my eyes down as I pulled my pants up and fixed my dress. Then I pushed the door open and made my way to the sink. He followed me, stood behind me for a second, then grabbed my hand and squeezed it. I returned the pressure and met his gaze in the mirror. He looked wild, dishevelled, gorgeous; and so did I. He winked at me in the mirror as he bent to kiss my shoulder, then he dropped my hand and left as quietly as he'd come in.

So that was the defining feature of my farewell party. Fortunately for my reputation, everyone was too pissed to notice. Tim left soon after, giving me a chaste kiss with just a flicker of tongue, and I proceeded to get royally drunk and try not to think about it.

Thailand was amazing, of course. Did I find myself? Maybe. And even if I didn't, I got a better idea of what I was looking for.

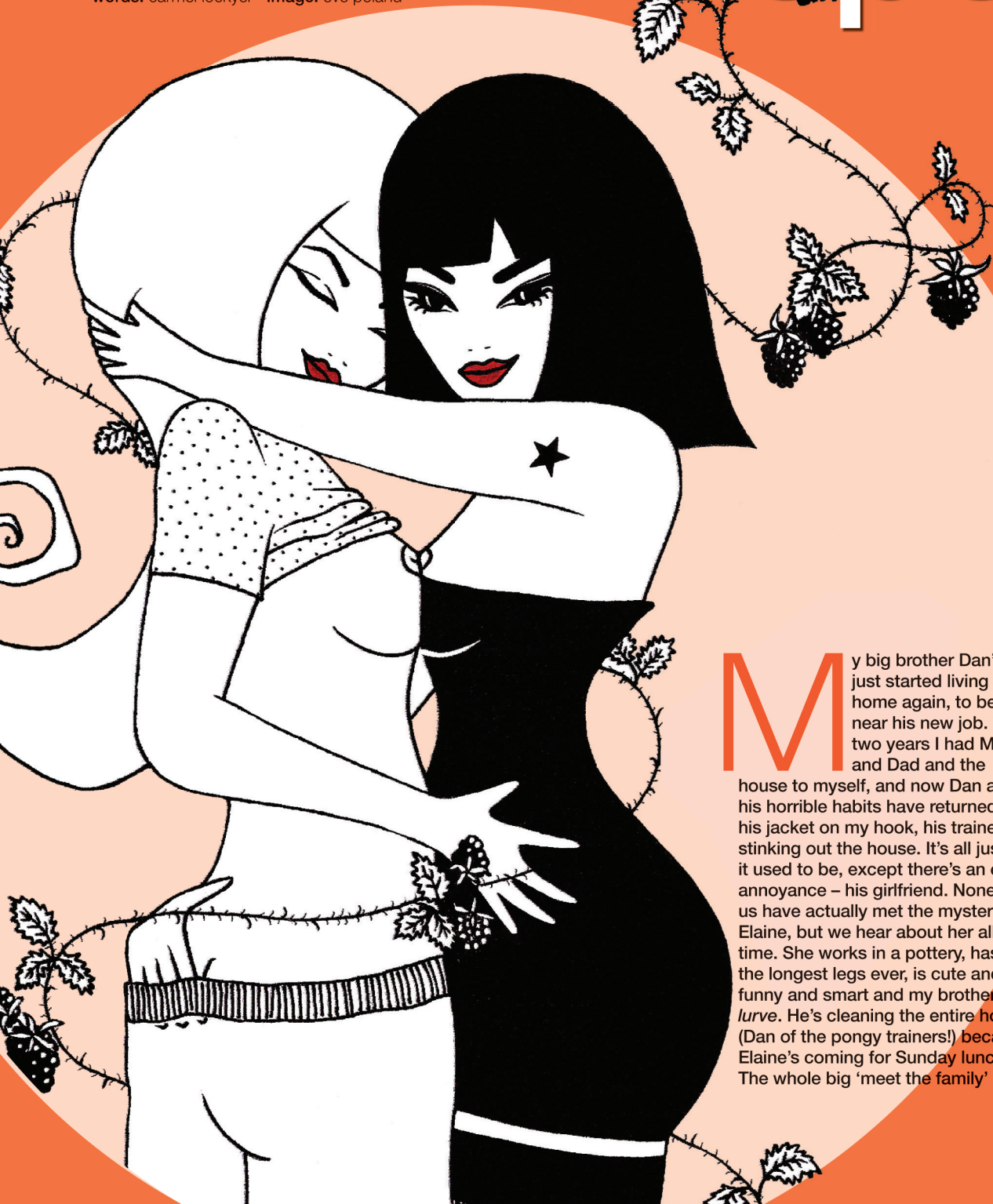
I didn't last the whole six months, though. I was back in London within three, back with Tim within four. Our friends laugh about it now and tell me they always knew I'd end up with him. None of them, however, knows quite how well he wooed me back on that last London night. 🍷



My Brother's Keeper

Sometimes, family loyalty has to go on a back burner

words: carmel lockyer image: eve poland



My big brother Dan's just started living at home again, to be near his new job. For two years I had Mum and Dad and the house to myself, and now Dan and his horrible habits have returned: his jacket on my hook, his trainers stinking out the house. It's all just like it used to be, except there's an extra annoyance – his girlfriend. None of us have actually met the mysterious Elaine, but we hear about her all the time. She works in a pottery, has the longest legs ever, is cute and funny and smart and my brother is in *lurve*. He's cleaning the entire house (Dan of the pongy trainers!) because Elaine's coming for Sunday lunch. The whole big 'meet the family' deal.

I'm annoying Dan by lounging on the sofa, wearing my oldest tracksuit bottoms and a grungy T-shirt – I have no intention of getting changed for her. When she arrives, she's slim and has black hair like Uma Thurman in *Pulp Fiction*, great teeth, and the kind of eyelashes most women would die for. I hate her. Dan's right about the legs, too; they are long and slender and she's wearing high-heeled pumps that make them look even longer. Now I wish I'd put on something more stylish.

Lunch isn't for an hour, and Dan clearly intends to take Elaine up to his room and get those long legs wrapped around his waist, but girlfriend is snapping her fingers and suggesting a walk. Mum insists I be polite and go too, so I trail out behind them, watching as Dan grabs her hand and swings it to and fro like a lovesick idiot. Elaine turns her head and

although it's not that warm a day. As I try to tug the bramble from her back, I reach round her and she leans forward so her breasts press against mine. I jump like the thorns are in me, not her, but her face in close-up is wearing a repressed laugh. I look away. Then her hips bump up against me and her right arm goes round my waist, as if to steady herself.

"Oops!" she says. I grin weakly, but she doesn't let go. Instead, her hand slides up my back, between my shoulders and under my T-shirt. Yes, under my T-shirt.

"I'm glad to have this chance to get to know you better," girlfriend says, her mouth against my ear, and then she kisses the side of my neck. WTF? My brother's girlfriend. Dan's beloved. And she's nibbling along the tendon in my neck in a way that makes my knees go weak. I let go of the bramble and put

laughing again. "First time like that?" I nod. "Great, isn't it?" I nod again, totally speechless. "Good, I like to surprise people."


She's done that all right. "Does Dan know...? I mean..."

She shakes her head. "Your brother's very sweet but he's hardly imaginative. Great for a fling, but ..."

For the first time I can remember, I feel slightly sorry for Dan, but it doesn't last, because Elaine's kissing me again, and this time I'm ready. I let my hands rise to her breasts, which are soft and large for such a slender girl and I think I'm doing pretty well until her fingers snake into my jogging bottoms, straight past my underwear, and dive for my c**t like homing missiles. The explosion is instantaneous – she opens me up and at the same time finds my clit with her thumb and I come again, hanging off her hand and bleating into her mouth. Not elegant. Doesn't matter.

It seems like time to reciprocate, so once I'm able to function again, I lift her skirt and pull the thong aside. It's amazingly easy, as she's already shown me, to bring another woman off. I find her clit straight away and begin to rub it with my index finger. She's nearly as wet as me, and it's not easy to stay on target, but the more I rub, the more she pushes her hips forwards, presenting the target to me. Her breathing gets faster when I'm doing things right, and her fingers dig into my upper arms, tighter and tighter until she comes too.

We walk back to the green slowly, gather up Dan and head home. Elaine never speaks to me, or even looks at me, but as she leaves she half turns and says, "You know where I work, don't you Kirsty? Call in, I'll show you how to make pots."

I will. Once Dan gets over her dumping him, which will inevitably happen. I'm not going to warn him – after all, I'm not my brother's keeper. 

I've never come with my clothes on, I've never had sex with another girl and I've never before got off with my brother's girlfriend

smiles at me, and the smile is faintly embarrassed, as it should be. I give her a stony look and drop back so I'm walking three paces behind them down the lane.

On the green, about a dozen of Dan's mates are chucking a cricket ball about. They yell at him to join in and he hesitates, but Elaine pushes him forward. "Go on," she says. "It'll give me a chance to chat to Kirsty." She turns to me. "Shall we walk round the green?"

I shrug. We walk. On the other side of the green is a waste ground of brambles and hawthorn bushes. "What's back there?" girlfriend asks, looking at it.

"Nothing."

"Let's go and see anyway," she says. I look at the high-heeled pumps and smirk. OK, if she wants to ruin her shoes. I stride off into the wilderness, my trainers making short work of the long grass and thorny brambles.

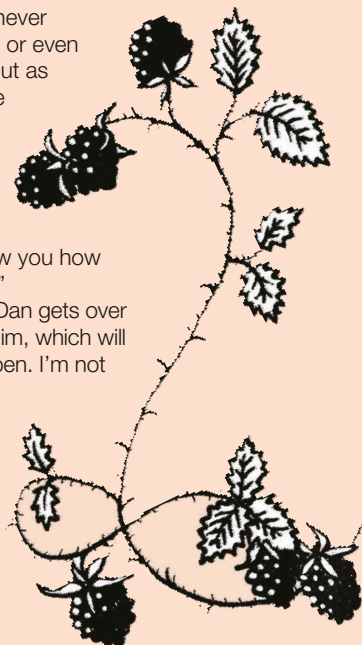
"Ouch!" says Elaine. I turn. She's hooked on a bramble that's wrapped, round her thighs and up her back. I can't see how she managed it, but I walk back and begin to help her escape. We're nose to nose, she smells of patchouli and her body is hot,

my hand on her arse instead, and she squirms around like an eel in a bucket of KY jelly and we're groin to groin, with her thigh between my legs.

Well, it feels very good. I've never realised that a woman has a much better idea about that kind of thing than a man, but I'm realising it now, as Elaine grabs my hips and pulls me down hard on her leg so that I'm grinding against her thighbone. Her mouth fastens on mine – she tastes of liquorice – and her tongue is agile. I begin to work my fingers, lifting her tight black skirt until my hands rest on her bare buttocks. Not quite bare; I locate a thong, disappearing into her cleft, and slide a fingertip under it, but I have to stop my explorations and just clench my hands as there is no doubt that I am going to come.

I do. I've never done that before, or not like that, anyway, and I'm quite shaky afterwards. It's a double first; no, a treble: I've never come with my clothes on, I've never had sex with another girl and I've never before got off with one of my brother's girlfriends.

Elaine's hands grab my shoulders and I'm staring into her face. She's



Perfect Dream

Lust becomes something more in the course of one amazing night

words: messalina image: eve poland

It wasn't for his fingerprints on my soul, let alone those on my body, I would have thought that Tom had just been part of the most deeply sensual dream.

I was always interested in meeting new lovers and relished the chase until I caught them. My sex drive had gone through the roof since I'd broken up with my long-term boyfriend, but while I presented this devil-may-care façade, deep down I suspected that I really wanted to be in another relationship.

Anyway, I liked them tall, pretty, educated, with good hands. I knew by instinct and experience how they'd be in bed before I undressed them. Big hands equalled great sex to me. Tom fitted the profile perfectly. He was tall, gorgeous, younger than I was... and those hands were huge. He was over from Australia on business and clear about only wanting some fun, NSA – no strings attached sex. That suited me fine; I was the queen of no strings attached. Well, except for those I used in light bondage.

I met him online, and he came across as charming and erudite. His

conversations had just the right touch of little boy lost. I liked his photo, his words. I wanted him. We arranged to meet in Islington for a drink.

Predictably, I was running late. I texted him and asked him to tell me a story while he was waiting. He wrote about himself as Jack holding the magic bean, waiting to see what happened. It made me laugh and drive a little faster.





I walked through the door of the pub and saw him, reading his paper. He smiled and my knickers got damper. He was prettier in the flesh and his hands looked so good. We kissed as we exchanged greetings. I was sure he could feel the same small jolt as we touched. My nipples were straining against my bra and it was all I could do not to undress him.

He went and got me lemonade and then sat close and breathed me in. It was intoxicating. "You like my scent?" I asked.

"It's not your perfume, it's your smell," he replied, "and I'm stunned by it." I was stunned too, my body reacting so strongly I thought I would faint. "I lived with a girl for six years but I never grew to like her smell," he said.

"How strange you lasted so long," I said. I ached to touch him so I simply reached out and did.

"You kiss well, but I knew you would."

"So do you," I replied. We both knew it was just a matter of time.

My friends all talked, but I didn't listen; we made excuses to go outside and kissed like teenagers. It was fun. He smudged my lipstick and I ruffled his hair. Everyone could see and wondered why I was delaying the inevitable. I invited him home, also giving him the option to be dropped somewhere. I still couldn't completely let go of the game playing.

The drive home seemed to be so short and soon he was prowling round looking at my books, pictures, asking questions about my family history. I usually never shared anything other than the mundane and never asked questions of anyone I slept with, but I did with him. I wanted to know him. He answered everything while he started to stroke my neck, my legs.

"Fuck me," I said.

"OK," he replied.

He slipped two fingers into my c**t, removing them to taste me. I bent my mouth towards his hand and tasted myself as I licked his fingers.

"Love me," he said.

"I'm afraid."

"That's OK. I'll look after you," he said.

"I don't know how," I wailed.

"Yes you do," he said, driving three then four fingers into my body as he crushed his weight down on me. As I opened my legs and my mouth, I opened my heart and he poured in. I licked his body and stroked him all over. I whirled the head of his cock in my mouth as I pulled on his balls. He groaned. I rimmed him and loved how he smelt, how he tasted. When I went to finger his arse, I just raised an eyebrow in question. "I want everything," he said.

His hand was up to the knuckles inside of me and I was gushing everywhere

I knew that the waiting can often be the best part, but not with him. With him, everything would be good. It terrified me; if he'd suggested getting married there and then, the only answer I could have given was yes. This from Miss NSA! My hands started to shake. His did too.

"Shall we go?"

"Let's," he said.

Instead of going straight back to mine, I drove round to my friend's. I needed them to give me a sanity check. Was I wrong about this guy? How can you completely trust someone you've only just met? Was my pussy in charge of my brain?

Who was I trying to kid? I wanted to show him off.

As we parked, I turned to him and fell silent. I took his face in my hands and slowly licked his lips, then kissed him. Oh God, I needed to feel him in me.

His eyes were flashing as he smiled.


Then he took off his shoes. All the time we were kissing. Then, it was as if we had woken from a trance and the hunger that had been building all night erupted. Within minutes I had him naked and just sat there, gazing at his body. He was lush. His cock was hard and he was perfect. Shoulder length light-brown hair, blue eyes and a mouth made just to fit mine.

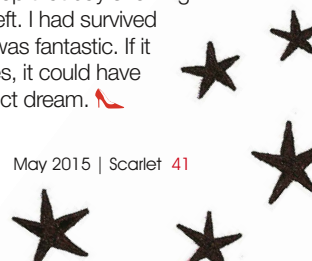
Our breathing was rapid and shallow and I thought it would be possible to come just from him looking at me as if he wanted to devour me. He ran his fingers over my lips and then swooped to kiss me. His kisses bruised my mouth, the slight growth of beard scratched me painfully. The kisses were so large we could have climbed inside them. I let down my walls and invited him in.

"Bite me," I said.

"OK," he answered. Down he bit, making me gasp.

"I want you," I said. His hand was up to the knuckles inside of me and I was gushing everywhere. We smiled and kissed. We kissed and fucked, and fucked and kissed all night. We were dirty and tender and yet so stunned at our good fortune. Miss and Mr NSA could feel the strings twining round their hearts. We whispered to each other, as the bonds grew stronger. We were both feeling safe in our openness, knowing it was finite. We fell like gods from Olympus and fucked like mortals about to die. I cried as I came, he cried at the beauty of it, we fell in love for a night and it was enough.

I dropped him at the station in the morning. He was off to Paris then home. I ran my fingers over my swollen mouth with pride. I wore a top that day showing the bruises he had left. I had survived falling in love and it was fantastic. If it wasn't for the bruises, it could have been the most perfect dream. 





The Talent

We reveal the secrets behind Brighton artist **Eve Poland's** quirky Cliterature illustrations

Guest artist Eve Poland painted for her own pleasure for many years, until one Christmas she made a 'kinky lady' card for friends which was so popular she began producing paintings on the same theme. She now exhibits and sells her work all over the UK, and is currently mounting a solo show depicting the Seven Deadly Sins and their punishments at Nua gallery in Brighton. She also works as an interior designer and writer. We were delighted to get into bed with her...

Do you think men are more visually aroused than women?

Definitely – I did some internet dating a while ago and realised pretty quickly that the vast majority of men don't look at anything other than the photos, whereas women really analyse every word.

Do you have a muse?

Not unless I can count myself!

Do you use porn?

Films never; pictures rarely; literature sometimes. I like to use my imagination instead.

How do you want our readers to react when they see your work?

With a smile and an appreciation of its deceptive simplicity. And, ideally, an

overwhelming desire to possess it!

What's your favourite word for female genitalia?

Your question has made me realise I don't think I ever use one!

What's your favourite possession?

A silver necklace, a homemade photo album, a slightly rubbish stuffed monkey – all things people have given me and anything anyone's taken time to make for me. Those are the things that make you feel loved.

'A lovely face with an imperfection is sexier than a perfect plastic face which looks like everyone else's'

Which word do you find sexy?

It's not what you say, it's the way that you say it. French and Yorkshire accents are almost always sexy to me.

What was the last thing you fantasised about?

Snogging the face off a pretty young thing while perpetrating unspeakable beastliness on his person. Fortunately for me, I was in the kind of club where I was soon able to make the fantasy become reality...

Scarlet is seen as a controversial publication. What made you want to get into bed with us?


Our paths have been crossing for the past couple of years, ever since I exhibited my paintings in the gallery at the Erotica show.

I guess it was inevitable.

Are your pieces inspired by your own sexual fantasies?

I'm a bit of a magpie. Mostly I borrow other people's – you can learn a lot about people from the suggestions they make for paintings!

What do you think is the sexiest part of the body?

Everyone's best sexy bits are different, but I do have a weakness for flawed beauty – a lovely face with an imperfection is far sexier than a perfect plastic face which looks like everyone else's. 

For more information visit www.EvePoland.com



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ARE HERE TO SORT OUT YOUR PROBLEMS

Every month our Pleasure Aunts **Flic Everett** and **Dr Pam Spurr** are joined by a special guest. This month, TV GP **Dr Ayan Panja** gives you some life support

MEET THE PANEL



DR PAM

Dr Pam Spurr is a sex and relationships expert and writes a column for The Sun newspaper. She has written many books including 'Sex Academy. Essential lessons in seduction and spectacular sex.



FLIC

Flic Everett is a writer and commentator on relationships and author of Sex Tips for Girls and How to be a Sex Goddess.



DR AYAN

Dr Ayan Panja is a doctor and television presenter and is the resident doctor for BBC World News.

What's your problem? Email your dilemmas to PleasureAunts@ScarletMagazine.co.uk. If chosen, your questions and our answers will be printed here.

CAN'T ESCAPE MY MOTHER

This may sound really weird, but my mother and I seem to be leading parallel lives – which is kind of unfair since I'm in my 20s and she's in her 50s. We've both got binge eating problems. My first boyfriend was just like my dad, and even though I was unhappy with him I only ended it after my parents finally separated. And now my mum and I are both single and never seem to meet any men. There are lots of other parallels in our careers and health too, but it's the relationship one that worries me. At least Mum's done the marriage and children thing. I've only had one serious relationship and now I don't seem able to find anyone. Am I being really superstitious or is there a pattern I need to break out of? *Gwen, Aberystwyth*

AYAN SAYS: We all have our patterns, and yes, I would strongly urge you to break out of this one before you're in your 30s and your mum's in her 60s, nothing's changed and you're writing into another magazine. I sense that you need some structure, so try this: make a short list of what you want to do with your life, whether that's lose weight, get a man, live in Sussex... Do it right now. Then list what achieving each would do for you for you – in other words, make sure you really want them. Are the aims realistic? Can you break each one down into small steps? Have you got access to some resources? If so, then you can make these things happen. Even achieving just one of your goals will boost your confidence, and the others will fall into place. In the meantime, your mum will always be your mum and you're obviously very close, so remember that improving your life will not affect that relationship. Take back control of your life, right now. Maybe get your mum to do the same, so that you can go on this journey together? Why wait?

PAM SAYS: I agree. Whether your pattern is like your mother's or it's your own pattern, it's one that you need to break. For starters, you need to boost your confidence and get fit and healthy. Bin your comfort foods. Learn to identify emotional triggers that send you running for snacks

and look for an alternative behaviour, like picking up the phone to a friend. Take up a hobby that uses your hands (crochet and knitting are becoming popular again) because when your hands are busy you're less likely to put things in your mouth. Take up an activity that gets you meeting new people – dance classes fit the bill and will help you get fit at the same time. If you do little things every day, then you'll make progress. You're breaking a lifetime of bad habits, so don't beat yourself up if it doesn't happen overnight.

FLIC SAYS: It sounds as though you're over-identifying with your mother, perhaps because you've been very close since your dad left. It may feel as though, by making the same choices, you're validating her, and it's scary to choose something different because deep down you're afraid she'll think you're rejecting her. But you must make a conscious effort to drop these assumptions and break out of the pattern. As Pam says, start small – choose to eat different foods or go to different places – and work up to things your mum may never do, like online dating, a proper exercise regime or making a conscious decision to be happy. By all means support her, but remember that you're not her. It's time to accept that your life is unique, and not just a re-tread of somebody else's mistakes.

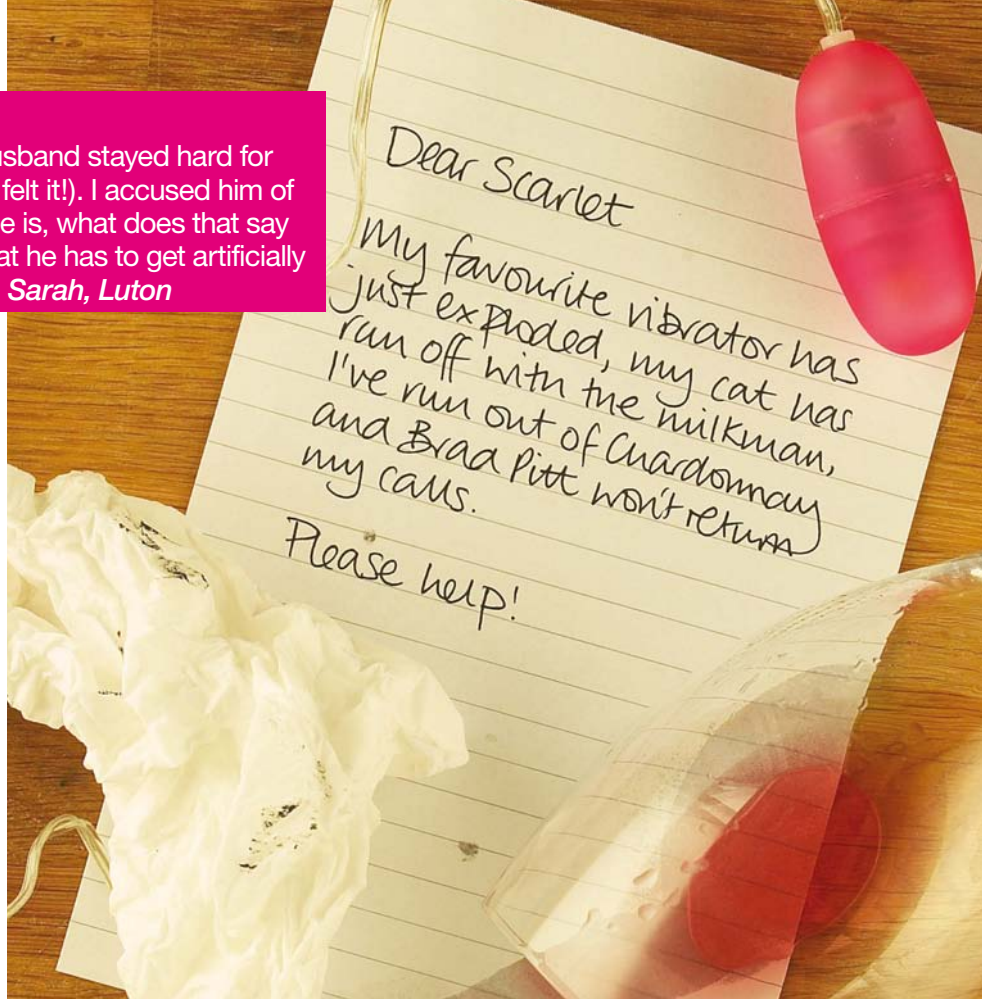
VIAGRAVATION

Recently, after making love, my husband stayed hard for another four hours or so (I know, I felt it!). I accused him of taking Viagra, but he denied it. If he is, what does that say about the state of our love life – that he has to get artificially aroused just to have sex with me? **Sarah, Luton**

AYAN SAYS: I guess he could have been experimenting with Viagra (which is not to be encouraged), but he could just as easily have recently cut down on booze, or started hitting the gym. He might even have just been really turned on that day... it happens! Even if what you fear is true, remember that most men who try drugs like Viagra do so because they're scared of failing to perform, and you mustn't think that's a reflection on you. If he did add a turbo to his engine that day it was with you in mind, and probably stemmed from insecurity. I'd wait and see if the prolonged erections happen regularly.

PAM SAYS: First off, having an erection for that long is extremely dangerous! It's not good for the penis to stay engorged for more than a couple of hours, and he should see his GP if it happens regularly. You could try some scare tactics – tell him that you love his hard-on, but that if it was medication-induced he could have ended up with permanent willy damage. The other part of this is sexual honesty. He may well have wanted to experiment, but felt you'd say no. So, maybe, as some 'little boys' do, he went behind his partner's back and tried it anyway. In that sense, it doesn't say much about your sex life except that he's curious. In a calm manner, tell him you just want complete honesty and that you're willing to try some experimentation, but want the chance to agree to it first.

FLIC SAYS: There is a condition called Priapism, which means a man struggles to get rid of his erection – so a trip to his GP may be what he needs. Alternatively, he could be lying because he's embarrassed about needing Viagra. It doesn't say anything about your sex life, but it speaks volumes about your relationship. If he can't talk to you about whatever's on his mind, it's bound to affect his ability to get an erection, and men can have just as many sexual issues as we do. His arousal can be affected by worry, drink, stress, hidden anger, guilt... but if you waded in and 'accuse', it's no wonder he doesn't feel like confiding in you. Try gentle talking, without blaming – you'll soon find out if it's blue pills or just the blues. 🍷



TROUBLESHOOTER

Scarlet editor **Sarah Hedley** gives fast answers to your most common problems this month

I know everyone's supposed to do anal these days, but I'm just not interested. Am I denying my bloke a basic 21st Century right?

It may seem like everyone's doing anal, but survey results vary so widely it's hard to put a figure on how many lovers are really partaking. Over the years, hundreds of people have confided in me about their sex lives; most of those who incorporate anal into their repertoire do so as an occasional break from the norm. Many couples don't do it at all. However, unless the idea repulses you, I would try it once at least, just in case it turns out to be your horniest experience ever. But don't do it to keep up with the Joneses or

keep a partner happy – that just makes for unpleasant experience for everyone involved.

My boyfriend wants to try 'teabagging'. Can you run me through the basics?

Teabagging is the quirky term for dipping testicles into a willing mouth. You lie down on a comfy surface; he straddles your face, dipping his (preferably shaved) crown jewels into your open gob; you suck (gently!) and roll your tongue around the testicles. This sex act is infinitely more rewarding for him when he masturbates at the same time, as the sensation of having one's testicles sucked is rather mild.

I'm 22 and I've started going grey 'down

there'. I'm incredibly embarrassed. Is this normal?

Just like the hair on our head, pubic hair can grey with age, though it's unusual for it to happen in someone your age, so you might want to talk to a GP about possible causes. In the meantime, you can tackle this problem in two ways: 1) shave off your hair for a spot of porn-star chic, 2) forget being embarrassed and have some fun dying your down-there hair. Betty pubic hair dye (£14.99, IndigoHealth.co.uk) is available in five shades: Blonde Betty, Auburn Betty, Brown Betty, Fun Betty (hot pink) and Black Betty (bam-ba-lam). Enjoy the variety.

voice of experience

Veteran sex campaigner **Tuppy Owens** says noughties girls should stop being squeamish and shag like it's the 60s

The release of sexual freedom that came about in the 60s was explosive – and I was lucky enough to be around for it. Before that, we had to be careful to select men we wouldn't mind having a baby with, because contraception was precarious. So you can imagine how wonderful it was to go on the Pill and shag as many men as we liked without having to worry about

"SEMEN IS A PRECIOUS, HEALING SUBSTANCE. IT CONTAINS MOOD-ALTERING HORMONES WHICH, WHEN ABSORBED BY THE BODY, ACT AS AN ANTI-DEPRESSANT"

condoms or getting pregnant. It all felt very natural, horny and liberating. Of course, there were silly old farts like Mary Whitehouse and Lord Longford telling us to behave ourselves, but we were all too busy screwing to care about them.

Sex was an experiment; we wanted to try everything and see everything. This meant that everyone could join in, including the old, disabled, fat and thin. It never occurred to us that you had to be a particular age, shape, size or look. We had a sexual generosity. We were eager to show off our best bits, giving blow-jobs and sharing our pussies. I see women today walking around as if they have treasure between their legs that they are happy only to trade. I know that disabled men, for example, feel they don't have the right currency, and this is, in my book, social exclusion.

Today we have an explosion of sexual imagery and a new bout of sexual candidness on television, which should be helping everyone feel more comfortable talking about sex. But it's not working. The media tells us what looks good, what feels good, what to do and how, so our natural urges are squashed by inane instructions suggesting we live up to unrealistic body shapes and behaviours.

We also have HIV and AIDS to cope with, and the medical profession does this by recommending the use of condoms. It's true that they help

prevent the spread of STIs, but it's not the only way. When HIV appeared in the 80s I was one of the pioneers of helping people protect themselves, and our advice then was "on me not in me" – encouraging couples to experiment with non-penetrative safer sex.

Good sex should involve deeply intimate contact and responding positively to each other's natural bodily fluids. Placing latex between us can sanitise sex. Throwing the spunk away in the bin inside a condom can make sex feel mechanical. But *healthy* semen is a precious, healing substance (and delicious – so don't be squeamish!). It contains mood-altering hormones which, when absorbed by the body, act as an anti-depressant. I am not for one moment suggesting that you start allowing different men's spunk up your jacksey, but if you know it's safe, try rubbing some into your skin. Personally, I find spunk on the clitoris induces orgasm.

When it comes to sex it's simply not worth worrying about what the fashion is and what other people think. Examine your own individual sexuality, accept your body as it is and celebrate it. Feel sexual energy rushing through you, like cocoa coursing through your veins. Feel channels of sexual pleasure opening up through personal exploration. Sexual pleasure is a journey that only gets better. Good luck and *bon voyage*. 🍷